

Silver Screen

Edited by
RUTH WATERBURY

MAY

10¢

Loretta
Young

JOHN
HOLSTON
LARK

THE
\$500

WINNING
SLOGAN

IS ON PAGE 18

Why
GARBO
is the
**WORLD'S
LOVE IDEAL**

THIS ISSUE 600,000 COPIES

ANOTHER GREAT RÔLE—ANOTHER BLAZING
TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930
BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA SHEARER

in
STRANGERS

**MAY
KISS**



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.



To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love.... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**
NEIL HAMILTON **MARJORIE RAMBEAU**
and **IRENE RICH**

Directed by
GEORGE FITZMAURICE



Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.



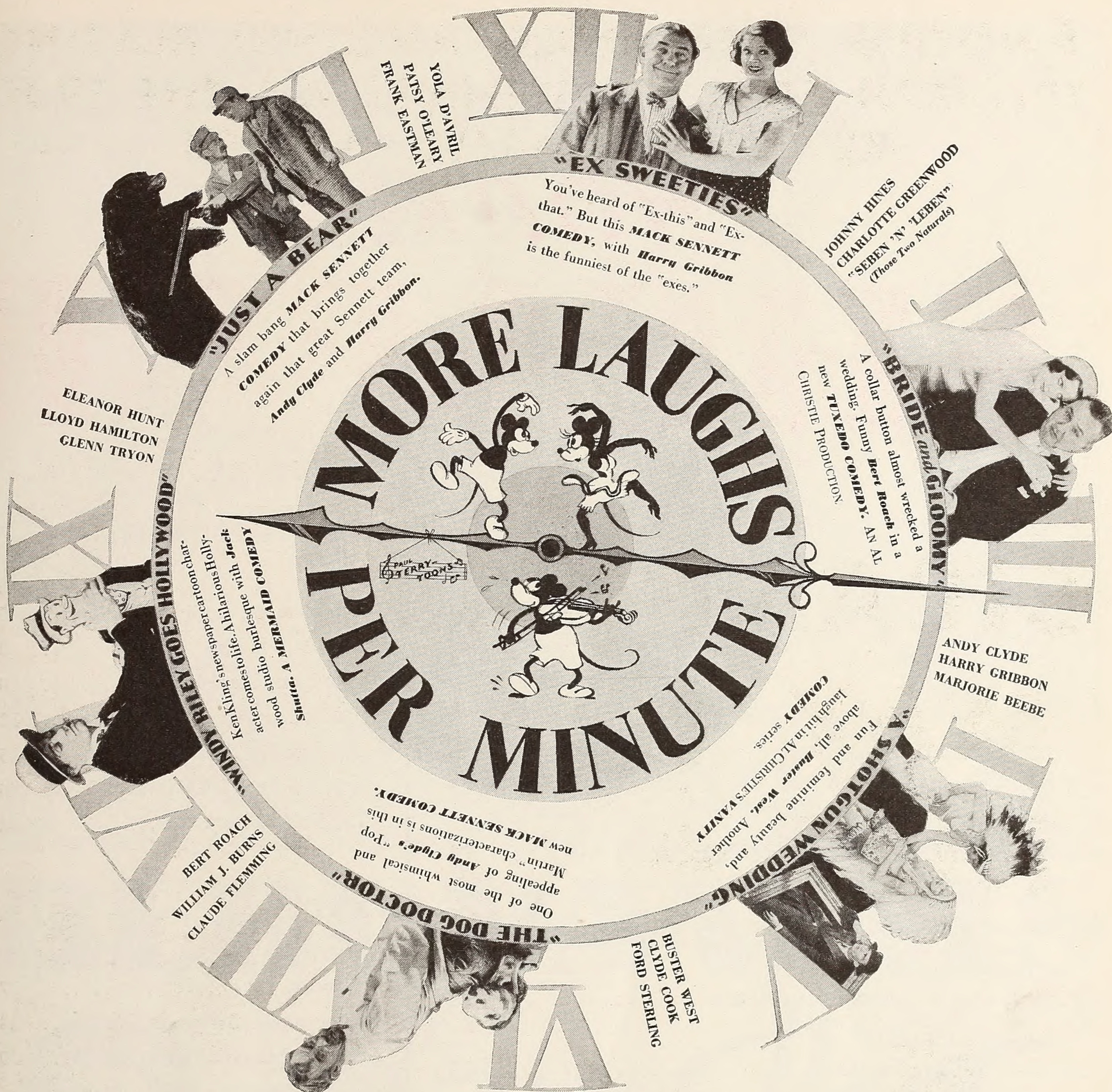
Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

METRO-GO



WYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



Foot for foot of film, minute for minute of your time, you'll get more fun and more entertainment from one of *Educational's* comedy or novelty short subjects than from almost anything else on the program. They're packed with action. They're jammed with laughs, or thrills—or both. So, no matter what feature pictures are showing in your neighborhood, find out what short subjects are

playing, too. It may be time for you to see one of the comedies illustrated above. They're showing now in the country's best theatres. And you can count on any one of them to make a good show better.



VOLUME
ONE
NUMBER
SEVEN

Silver Screen

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MAY
NINETEEN
THIRTY ONE

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COVER PORTRAIT
OF LORETTA YOUNG
BY JOHN RALSTON CLARKE

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BEBE DANIELS



"My Past"

*The tell-tale autobiography
of DORA MACY'S life!*



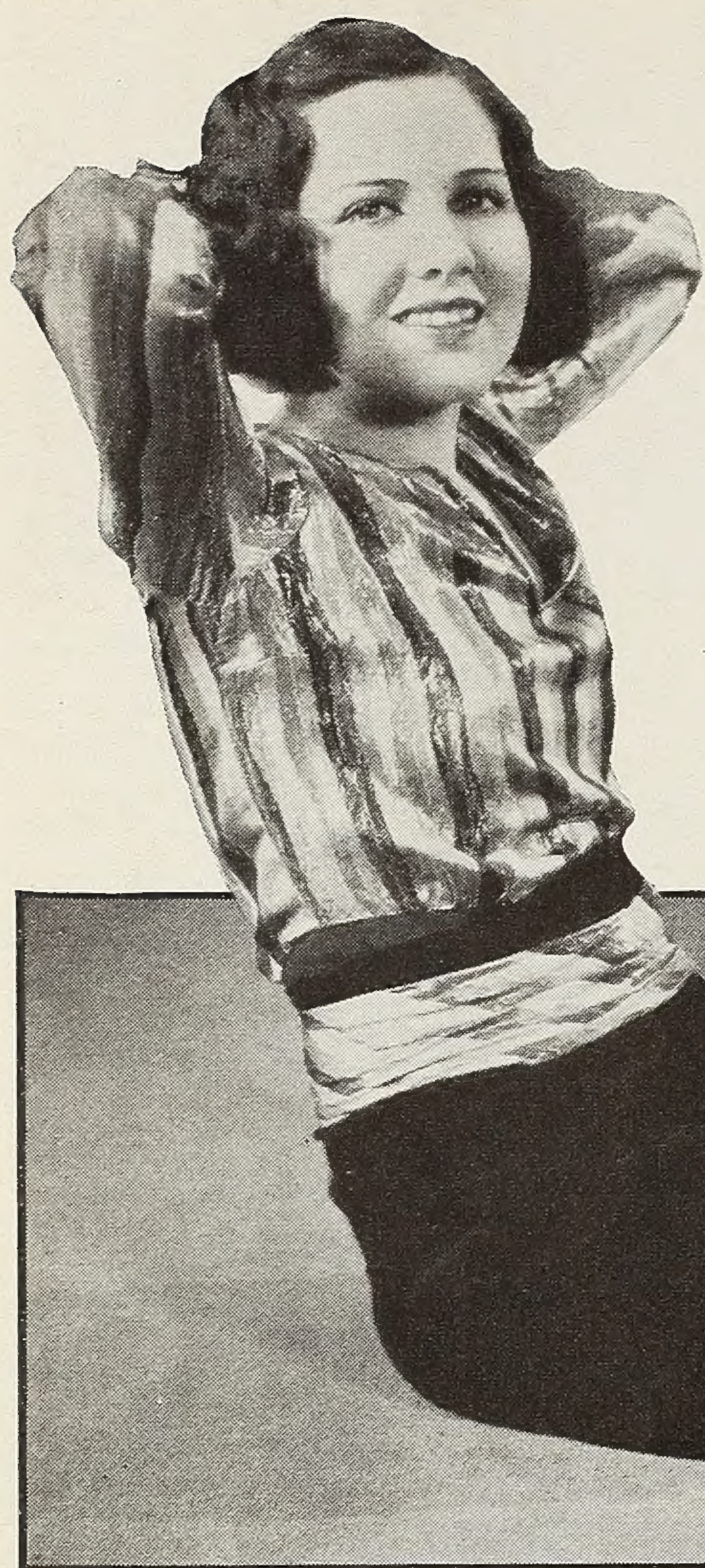
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B E N L Y O N
L E W I S S T O N E
J O A N B L O N D E L L
N A T A L I E M O O R H E A D
Screen adaptation and dialogue
by Charles Kenyon
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

SILVER SCREEN for MAY 1931



Exercises for Reducing

By MARY LEE

IT'S SO simple and it's so hard to convince people of it. Convince them of what? Just this. Too much food and too little exercise make fat. Less food and more exercise make slenderness. That's all there is to it—unless you are one of the few people who are overweight due to glandular difficulties.

I wrote you a couple of months ago—as you may remember—about diets for reducing. If you don't remember, just drop me a line and I'll send you the menus by mail. And I also promised you that later on I'd give you reducing exercises. So here I am, being a good girl and living up to the promise.

Now before any of you can start bewildering me by announcing that you've heard that exercising makes people gain weight, I'll answer that. Exercise does make people gain weight—but only in cases where they are underweight. Exercise sounds like a bore, I know. It sounds like spinach in the diet, and lots of sleep, and all those things which are so good for you and so seemingly monotonous.

Yet exercise, really, is grand. I know what I'm talking about. I work eight hours a day in an office and get just as tired as the rest of you. I get cross and I eat too much every once in a while, but I have discovered that no matter how tired, how cross, or how stuffed with hot fudge sundaes I may be, a half hour's workout in a gymnasium, or a good swim, or even a long, quick walk makes me feel all new again.

Exercise is a great thing for everyone, but it is practically imperative for any one who is overweight.

So here are some exercises, several of which I practice myself, and all of which I know to be medically correct and beneficial not only for your health but your beauty. And they will take weight off. Positively!

First, the bicycle exercise. Particularly good for heavy thighs and hips. Lie flat on your back on the floor, arms

at the sides. Bend the knees and bring them back against the chest. Then pedal an imaginary bicycle, right leg, left leg, right leg, left leg, twelve times. Rest and repeat in three more groups of twelve pedals each. (Incidentally, riding a real bicycle is excellent for reducing the legs.)

Second, the airplane exercise. Stand erect. Raise arms to shoulder height and extend in a horizontal line. Then twisting the trunk of the body, touch your right toe with your left hand, without bending the elbow, and keep the right hand and arm in the air above your head. Reverse, with right hand to left toe. Repeat four times. Rest and repeat, alternating right and left, three times in groups of five toe touchings.

Third. Flexions. To do these, lie flat on the back—and if you are serious about reducing you really ought to have a regular exercise mat for this work. You can buy them in the better sporting goods shops or you can easily make yourself one, since it is just a matter of making a long pillow, about six feet by three, and you'll find it a very special gift to your beauty besides a smart thing to own. But to get back to the flexions. Lying flat on your back, bend your arms so that the elbows are close to your sides and your hands are in fists against both shoulders. Bend the right leg at the knee and bring it back against the chest. At the same time stretch left arm above the head as far as possible, keeping [Continued on page 65]

POSTAGE STAMP BEAUTY

If you're trying to get slim (or stay that way), if you want clearer skin, or lovelier hair, or brighter eyes or a more becoming make-up, just add a two-cent stamp to a self-addressed envelope, tell Mary Lee your troubles and she'll send you her personal advice. Address Miss Mary Lee, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York



BEN LYON

THE HOT HEIRESS



BEN LYON
ONA MUNSON
WALTER PIDGEON
TOM DUGAN, INEZ COURTNEY
Original Story by Herbert Fields

Music and Lyrics by
Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart
Directed by CLARENCE BADGER

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What would you do with a lover who was an expert at slinging rivets but who bungled his forks at the Ritz? , ,

Suppose you were a Park Avenue debutante . . . and some husky brute of an ironworker was mean enough to spoil your beauty sleep by pounding rivets right outside your bedroom window . . . and then you saw he was big and strong and handsome . . . and Oh! look out — he's falling — falling in love with you! See what charming Ona Munson does when Park and Third Avenues meet! It's her newest, biggest part and you're going to like this rising young star.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

LOVE AND HISSES!!



THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize; \$10 Second and \$5 Third.



FIRST PRIZE

Omaha, Neb.

WE WENT to the movies, the girl friend and I.

The feature picture was just starting.

"My dear! You don't mean it!" gushed the matronly femme in front. "She didn't re-a-l-ly? Of course, I knew she had gone with him some, but to actually ma-r-ry him! Well—"

The girl friend and I moved back four rows.

"Gosh!" It was a shrill falsetto behind. "Wouldn't ja know he'd say I gotta work overtime the night I gotta heavy date an' me dashin' all over town lunch hour tryin' to fin' a dress to wear an' now I don't get the chance an' you oughta see it, raspberry color—"

The girl friend and I found seats in the side section.

"Made it in ninety today with a par three on the third," came a bass from the right. "Say, did you have any radio stocks? What—"

"Don't you think it's wonderful," said the girl friend on our way out, "to be able to hear the voices of our favorite movie stars?"

"I don't know," I sighed. "I haven't heard them yet. Maybe, when something is invented to muffle the audience, I'll be able to!"

E. C. Whelan

SECOND PRIZE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHEN one hears of an eighteen year old girl, one instantly conceives a vision of a slender, lovely young thing. Never a deformed, crippled girl, 'fess up now, does one? It used to seem cruel and unfair to be left out of parties and picnics and things like that. But that was before they built a theatre around the corner.

So now I just slip into a darkened seat and my imagination does the rest. For the lovely heroine up there isn't Joan Crawford or Anita Page, no sir, it's I.

Then after the show, somehow I don't mind the stares and whispers of strangers, because they wouldn't stare at Mary Brian. Stare, yes, but with envy, not pity. And I, yes I, am Mary Brian returning home from a canoe ride.

I wouldn't want to think of what life would be without the escape movies give me.

So, from the bottom of my heart, I say sincerely, "Thank You, Thank You," to everyone connected with the movies from the producers down to the prop boy.

Ann O'Connor

THIRD PRIZE

Washington, D. C.

LATELY I've been hearing and reading a lot about the so-called "Dietrich-Garbo" rivalry. All of my friends are talking about Marlene and Greta, but no two of them seem to come to the same conclusion. They are either entirely in favor of one or the other.

I've always been attracted by the cold virginity and passion of Greta, but Marlene charms me with her capacity for whimsical tenderness. She has lived; she has held a child of her own in her arms. Life to her is Reality! Greta shuts out the world and love.

Competition should urge one to greater effort. There are still unsounded depths in Greta! May she now bring them forth!

Evangeline Bockstabler

WITH LOVE TO CLARA

Glens Falls, N. Y.

I READ in your otherwise unsullied columns a slam for Clara Bow by Commy Shore. Perhaps he, she, or it has seen Clara in one of her less fortunate efforts; or he, she, or it is just well—uh, uh—

If the gentlemen of the fourth estate would devote less exclusive footage to Clara's peccadillos and more to real achievements, perhaps she could escape the "It" label. You cannot expect a sculptor to create a thing of beauty from a block of shale. Neither should you expect Clara Bow to redeem herself from a trite and sometimes tripe story. Also, Clara is not woolly. When well photographed she is vividly beautiful. The only slams I have for Clara are salaams. (More darn pun!)

Brayton Lewis

SHALL GILBERT BE SILENCED?

Louisville, Ky.

WHY do the producers keep on putting John Gilbert in the "talkies" and inflict him upon the public? We always applaud anyone trying to stage a "comeback," but the producers hurt themselves, their business and do Gilbert a great injustice.

He has shown conclusively that he belongs in the "silents" and he should team up with Charlie Chaplin and Tom Mix and make "silents" altogether. For all the press agents and his loyal friends can never give him a talking and recording voice and "talkie" technique.

Perry M. Shy

ALMA RUBENS' DEATH

Washington, D. C.

PERMIT me to express my regret at the passing of Alma Rubens. It's rather a pity that her great, dark eyes, always reflecting an unfathomable sadness, should have closed upon life at its worst. She had taken the high-road to happiness, snatched at the bright spots in life, only to find them bubbles; she gave only a few characterizations to the screen, but those few are remembered for the excellent work she put into them. All the hopelessness of her own future found its expression in those haunting, seeking eyes.

It is my hope that in eternity she has found her place in the sun!

Kay Yarborough

BUDDY'S GOT FRIENDS

Woodhaven, N. Y.

IBET Mary Dunn of Wilmington, Del., was fed lemons when she was small. Boy! she is sour! Buddy Rogers is not callow. Anyone who saw him in person and did not get a thrill when he came out on the stage must be as hard as nails! He has everything a girl desires: looks, voice, personality, acting ability, and he is a musician and can sing. He is adorable.

And as far as Rudy Vallee is concerned, you can't expect him to be an actor in six weeks. But I suppose Wilmington, Del., never saw either Buddy or Rudy in person, so what else could be expected?

Adelaide Geis

A FAN'S PRAYERS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LET'S have: 1. More and More of Garbo.
2. More Songs and Legs from Marlene Dietrich.

3. More combined efforts from Lubitsch and Chevalier.

4. More Holidays from Ann Harding.

5. More Laughter from Nancy Carroll.

But—

1. No more Aeroplane stories.

2. No more Rogers' inane pictures.

3. No more singing by people who can't.

4. No more highly advertised high-powered divorces.

5. No more articles by Lilyan Tashman on "How To Keep A Husband."

Ray Harrison

TWICE AS EASY

to become a popular musician this simple home-study way

DOES the very thought of harsh-sounding scales—compulsory practice and impatient teachers put a damper on your ambition to become a popular musician?

With such excuses as—"It takes too long"—"It costs too much"—"I don't know the first thing about music"—are you alibiing yourself right out of good times and a highly enjoyable attainment?

You're the Boss

You'd take up music in a minute, wouldn't you—if you thought there was a way of learning that made *every* lesson easy—that allowed you to study *when, where and as much or little as you please*—that encouraged rapid progress—that did not cost too much?

All right. Such a method is far from being imaginary. It is so real that inside of a few short months you can learn to play your favorite instrument. Without taking lessons from a teacher! Without paying expensive fees! Without any tiresome technique or dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through!

Thank the U. S. School of Music for the utter simplicity of this remarkable system. It removed completely the difficulty, boredom and extravagance from music lessons. It made possible the reading and playing of music from print and picture instruction. Now to begin your musical career you don't even have to know "do" from "re" or a sharp from a flat. Isn't that good news?

What Could Be Easier?

Your own home is your studio. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams . . . and *all the music you need without extra charge.*

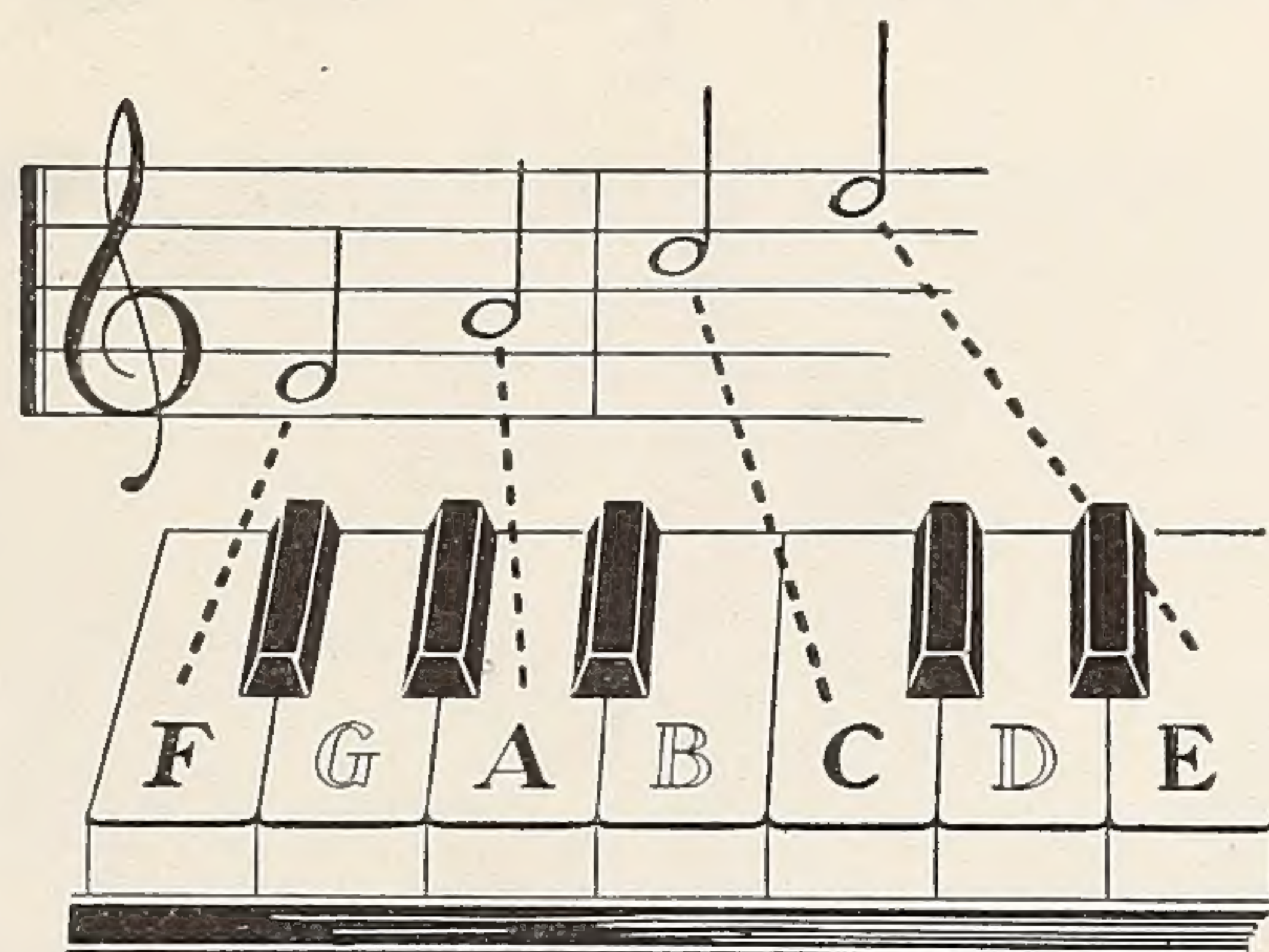
A sheet of music is not a riddle to you. You never have to *guess* what's right or wrong—you *know!* First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. Small wonder it's *twice as easy* as old-fashioned private teacher method.

Play Your Favorites

Instead of just scales you are playing real tunes from actual notes—right from the very first lesson on. Sooner than you realize you

What Instrument For You?

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	
Juniors' Piano Course	



will be bringing cheer to the folks at home with your playing. Gradually you gain confidence and professional expression. Then parties, popularity, orchestra work follow in short order. You'll know how good it feels to be out of the wallflower class and into the whirl of things—to be able to provide musical enjoyment for others whenever you are called upon.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over six hundred thousand people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration Lessons explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite

instrument in half the time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

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New York City.**

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above Instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Whoopee!

A NEW DEPARTMENT



**BACHELOR
FATHER
GREAT (M-G-M)**

Marion Davies, with Ralph Forbes as her leading man, makes the most of this farce about the illegitimate daughter whose irascible English father offers her a home.

**CAPTAIN
APPLEJACK
GOOD (Warners)**

A rollicking, fantastic comedy about a staid Englishman who finds adventure among buccaneers. John Halliday and Mary Brian perform nicely, but this isn't a super-special.

**CHARLEY'S
AUNT
GOOD (Columbia)**

With Charlie Ruggles playing the part of the helpful lad who poses as his best friend's aunt, this old comedy is funnier than ever. The whole cast is good.

**COLLEGE
LOVERS
FAIR (Warners)**

A college picture with a football game but without a touchdown. The whole campus adores the heroine, Marian Nixon, but she loves only Jack Whiting.

**COSTELLO
CASE
POOR (Sonoart)**

A very poor mystery yarn about a murdered gangster. Tom Moore is the Irish cop who takes five reels to find out who killed him.

**FAIR
WARNING
GOOD (Fox)**

An out-of-door picture that the children will love. George O'Brien is the fast-shooting young hero and George Brent the villain.

**KISS ME
AGAIN
FAIR (First Nat.)**

"Shades of Victor Herbert!" whispered the lady on our left. Bernice Claire has a swell voice, but the story's so weak the cast can't help it much.

**LION AND
THE LAMB
POOR (Columbia)**

Not exactly keyed to adult intelligence. It's about some low English crooks who mistake a nobleman for a member of another gang and "put him on the spot."

TALKIES in TABLOID

(Reviewlets of pictures previously reviewed at length that tell you in a second which are the best films to see—or to stay away from. Use these as your guide to entertainment.)

**LITTLE
CAESAR
GREAT (First Nat.)**

Realistic gangster film. Edward G. Robinson gives a splendid performance in this story of the rise and downfall of a gangster. Young Doug Fairbanks is grand, too.

**MAN TO
MAN
FAIR (Warners)**

This moves too slowly. It's about a sensitive boy who learns that his father is a jailbird. Phillips Holmes gives a fine performance as the boy.

**MAN WHO
CAME BACK
GOOD (Fox)**

This isn't the best that the Gaynor-Farrell team can do, but go, anyway, just to see Janet and Charlie together again, even though they're a bit miscast.

**NEW
MOON
GOOD (M-G-M)**

The story doesn't matter when you can hear Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore sing. Grace Moore plays a gorgeous princess in this one, and Tibbett a Russian lieutenant.

**NO
LIMIT
FAIR (Paramount)**

Clara Bow deserves better than this. Just a mediocre story about the innocent usherette who falls in love with a crook, played by Norman Foster.

**ONLY SAPS
WORK
GOOD (Paramount)**

This causes smiles but few belly laughs. Leon Errol of the collapsible knees plays a lovable crook who gets the hero, Richard Arlen, into difficulties. Mary Brian is the heroine.

**PAINTED
DESERT
GREAT (Pathe)**

A swell picture for the public that likes Westerns. It's about a boy who loves his enemy's daughter. Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees head the cast.

**PART-TIME
WIFE
GOOD (Fox)**

Edmund Lowe neglects his wife, Leila Hyams, for business. She takes up golf. He takes a holiday and finds out what's happening on the links. Tommy Clifford is grand as her caddie.

**REACHING FOR
THE MOON
GOOD (United Artists)**

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., comes back in modern clothes as the wizard of Wall Street. He's quite breezy and peppy as he makes love to Bebe Daniels.

**REDUCING
GOOD (M-G-M)**

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a hilarious farce about a beauty parlor owned by Polly. One long laugh. Anita Page and Sally Eilers help out the love interest.

**ROYAL FAMILY
OF BROADWAY
GREAT (Paramount)**

Sophisticated satire on the Barrymores. Fredric March gives a simply amazing performance. Ina Claire is good.

**SUNNY
FAIR (First Nat.)**

Stilted and stagey. Marilyn Miller is airy and graceful as a circus girl, but this doesn't come up to the standard set by "Sally."

[Continued on page 80]

SILVER SCREEN

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WE WILL PAY THE POSTAGE
To Any Address in the World!

A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a suit jacket, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The portrait is framed by a simple black border.

Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius has chosen more Best Sellers than any editor in the history of printing. His goal is the sale of a billion books. Will he reach this objective? Look over the list of Popular Copyrights he edited—every book on this page—and judge for yourself.

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 19 Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy. Durant
 25 Rhyming Dictionary
 39 Story of Aristotle's Philosophy. Durant
 42 Origin of Human Race
 53 Insects and Men; Instinct Vs. Reason. Clarence Darrow.
 56 Dictionary of U. S. Slang
 58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
 72 Color of Life and Love
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 377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow
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 447 Auto-Suggestion: How It Works
 449 Auto-Suggestion and Health
 452 Dict. of Scientific Terms
 467 Evolution Made Plain
 473 Lives of Chorus Girls
 475 Develop Sense of Humor
 479 How N. Y. Girls Live
 488 How Not to be a Wall-Flower
 491 Psychology for Beginners
 493 Novel Discoveries in Science
 501 How to Tie All Kinds of Knots
 503 Short History of Civil War
 509 Are We Machines? Clarence Darrow
 518 How to Make Candy
 524 Death and Its Problems
 529 Woman the Criminal
 536 What Women Beyond 40 Should Know
 556 Hints on Etiquette
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for MAY 1931

ASK ME ANOTHER

By
SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally FORTH, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

X Y Z: So you've sent your questions to fifty magazines, no less! You wouldn't tell a little white lie, now, would you? There aren't that many movie magazines in existence.

Ralph Forbes was born in London, England, on September 30, 1901. He is an only child. He was educated at Denstone College, England. He is even better looking off screen than on. I'm sorry, but I don't know whether or not he served in the World War.

KAREN: If I were only half as pretty as the picture you drew of me!

Anna Q. Nilsson is well again. But I don't think she'd want me to give her age. She's been away from the screen for two years.

Mary Pickford is thirty-seven, Connie Bennett twenty-five.

Constance Bennett's latest picture is "The Easiest Way."

BUDDY COOK: Joe E. Brown was born July 28, 1892. Kenneth MacKenna was born August 19, 1899. Kenneth and Kay Francis are now married.

RENEE ADOREE FAN: I'm so glad you realized I couldn't answer you in the next issue, however much I'd like to. Renee isn't playing in any picture at the present time. She's ill in a sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona. She was divorced from Tom Moore in 1925.

Renee is five feet one and weighs 107 pounds.

Before she made "The Big Parade," she made "Women Who Give," "Excuse Me," "Man and Maid," and a few others.

Johnny Hines is a free lance and works very irregularly.

GINGER: Robert Montgomery is married to Elizabeth Allen, and their cute little daughter is named Martha Bryan.

Bob's going to appear next with Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss."

SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE: What, another Garbo! For me there's only one. Not that I don't admire Marlene Dietrich. I do; but Garbo's my first and greatest love.

Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany on December 27. She doesn't give the year. She's a gorgeous blonde with red-gold hair and blue eyes.

She attended a private school at Weimar. Her parents thought she'd be an excellent musician, but they didn't dream that she'd be a great actress. She took singing lessons and studied the violin. She would never have started on her stage career if it hadn't been for an accident. She injured her left hand and that forced her to give up her violin lessons for six months. During that time she entered Max Reinhardt's school of the drama.

BRIGHT EYES: Mary Brian isn't married, but it isn't for lack of suitors. Her next picture, "Gun Smoke," is with Richard Arlen.

Buddy Rogers reads as much of his fan mail as he possibly can.

Greta Garbo's eyes are blue and very strange

and beautiful. She looks at the world out of half-shut lids and only when she is startled does she fully open her eyes. The effect is devastating. Cute little Dorothy Lee is nineteen.

BILL FERRIN: Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomares. She lives with her parents in Hollywood.

Anita is twenty years old, having been born August 4, 1910.

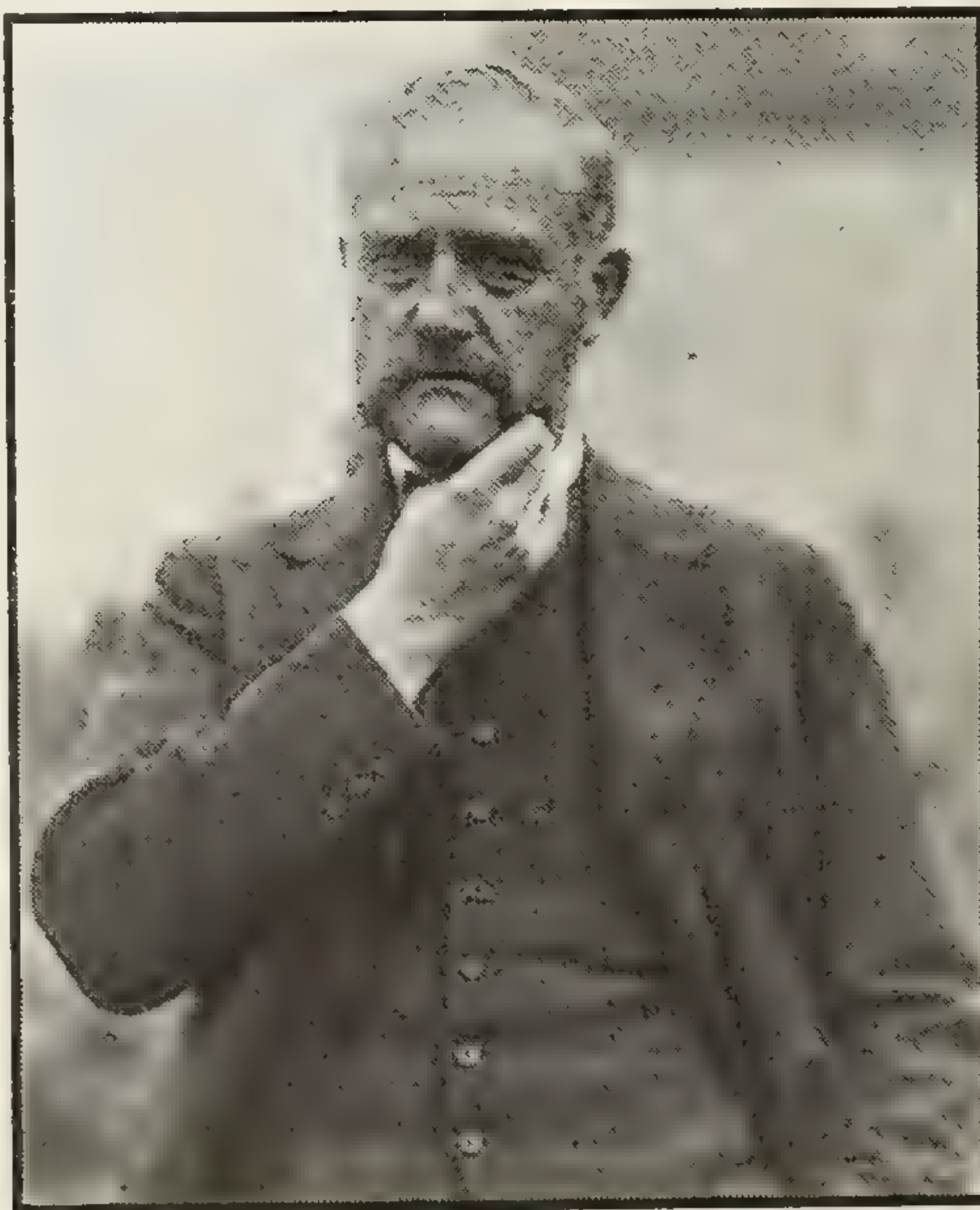
She isn't married. She leads a very quiet and sheltered life, and doesn't go out much o' nights. Her hair is a golden blonde.

And right here and now let's spike the rumor that she's cross-eyed. Her eyes don't photograph as beautifully as they should, because one is a little lighter blue in shade than the other, but that's all.

Her latest picture is "The Easiest Way," in which Connie Bennett stars. She'll also appear in "Gentleman's Fate," with John Gilbert.

CURIOUS BERTHA: Charles Rogers has a younger brother, Bruce, who always called Charles "Buddy." That's what started the nickname.

Lillian Roth is going to make a few shorts. If she ever gets a good enough offer, I think she'll come back to the screen for feature work. In



Do you remember Victor Seastrom, the director of Garbo and Gish in the old silent days? He's back in his native Sweden acting in their silent films

addition to being a clever comedienne, she showed that she possessed tremendous dramatic possibilities in "The Vagabond King."

When Paramount let her go, the company said it liked Lillian's work but not her temperament.

Recently when Lillian was playing in vaudeville at the Palace in New York, she received word that her fiance was dying. She was terribly hurt, but she went on with her act. I think that shows that if she ever had any temperament, she has conquered it.

INDIANA: Dorothy Lee was born in Los Angeles, May 23, 1911.

Dorothy Jordan is five feet two and weighs 98 pounds. Her eyes aren't blue at all—they're gray. But maybe they look blue in certain lights.

Anita Page is five feet two and weighs 118 pounds.

Mary Brian's height is the same as Anita's but she weighs only 105 pounds.

MARLENE: Lew Ayres has appeared in seven pictures since he got a "bit" part in "Sophomore." His first big chance was in "The Kiss" with Greta Garbo.

Charles Farrell's real name is just that, but Janet Gaynor was christened Laura Gainer.

PEEKING PETER: Marilyn Miller is engaged to Michael Farmer, but if you ask me for the lowdown on it all, I think one engagement more or less doesn't mean a thing in Marilyn's life.

Previous to her marriage with Jack Pickford she was married to Frank Carter, who died in 1920.

The only way you can reach Marilyn is by writing to her at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

ANXIOUS BELLA: Phillips Holmes is the son of Taylor Holmes, of stage fame, and what could be more American than that?

Phil is 21 and is six feet in height.

JENNIE: Una Merkel is 23 years old, blonde, and has a rich Southern drawl. She was born in Covington, Kentucky, but received her education in Philadelphia schools. She made a hit on the New York stage in "Coquette."

Her big chance in pictures came as the result of chance, fate, or what have you? Three years ago she took a silent picture test, but nothing came of it. Then when D. W. Griffith wanted someone for the feminine lead in "Abraham Lincoln," he took one look at the test and called for Una.

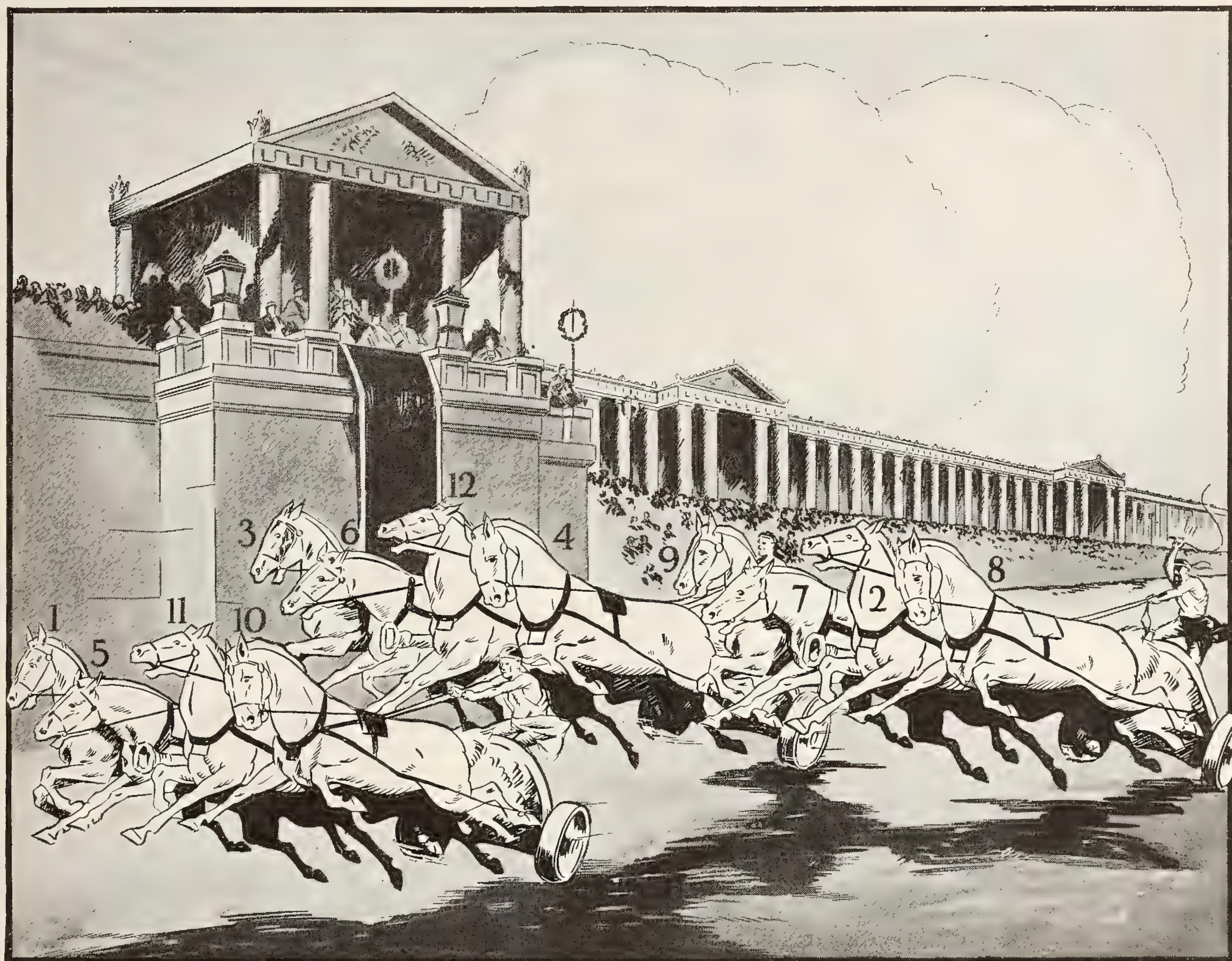
Her latest rôle in pictures is in "Don't Bet On Women," with Jeanette MacDonald.

BLONDIE OF CANADA: Yes, Ruth Mix, who appears in "Red Fork Range," is the daughter of Tom Mix.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Beth Sully. Mary Pickford is thirty-seven years old, and doesn't deny it.

Lawrence Tibbett's wife is Grace Mackey Smith.

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No sport of today surpasses in thrills or skill the chariot races of ancient Greece and Rome. And in those pompous days, not even the return of a victorious general created a greater stir, for often the contenders in these famous races were national heroes, famed as warriors. The excited populace crowded to witness the spectacle of these great drivers matching their skill, wits and daring in the arena below—risking life and limb as they guided their horses through perilous openings or rounded a sharp curve without slackening their speed. Their horses responded quickly—seemed to catch the spirit of the race, for they were chosen with care and trained to amazing perfection.

Now in the illustration above, which pictures one of these great races, a surprising thing has happened. Just at the moment the artist chose to picture the horses, he caught full or partial views of them which appear to be alike. In fact, at first glance, comparing what you can see of the different horses, many of them appear to be **identical**. But, just as the drivers of old needed a keen eye to see the opportunity to speed through an

opening to victory, so must you have a keen eye to find the only two horses, of the twelve pictured above, which are exactly alike.

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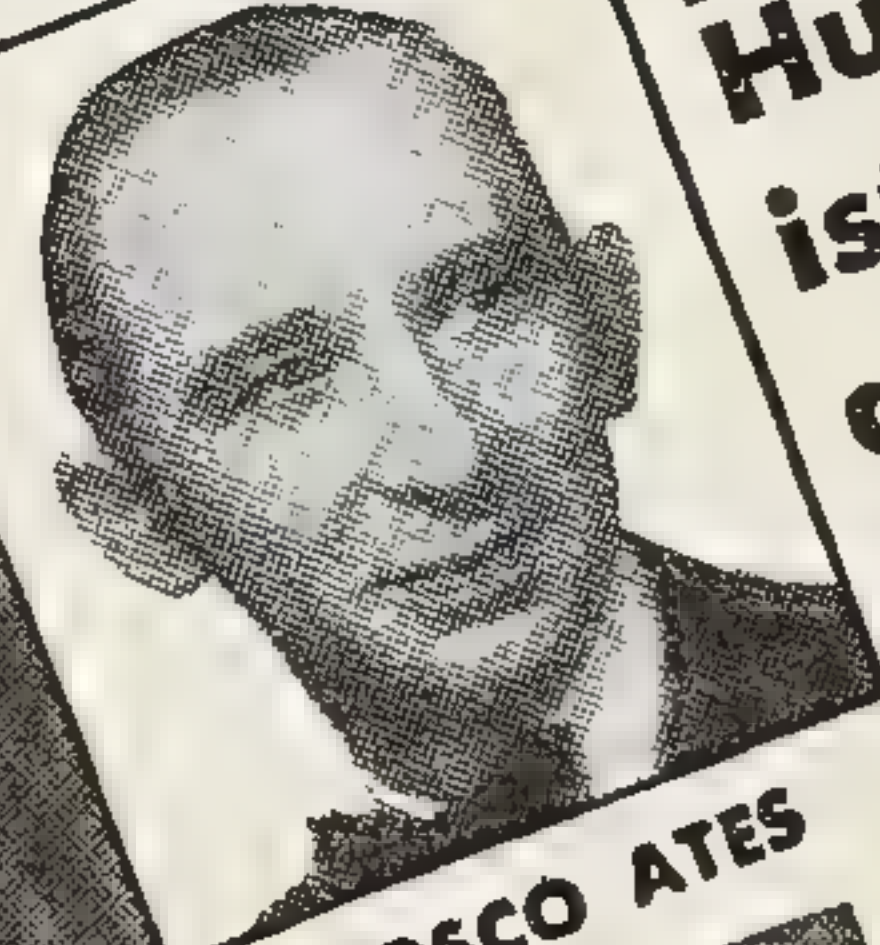
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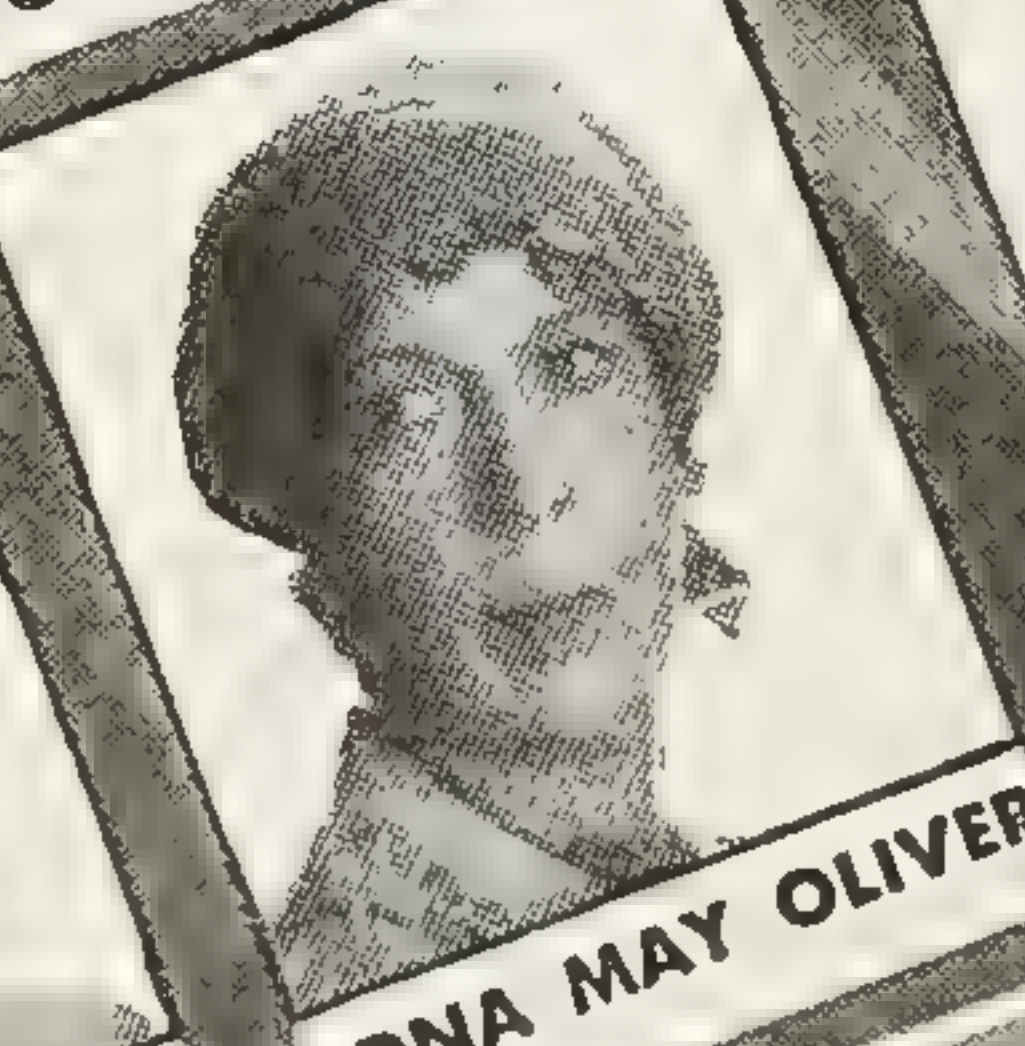
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RADIO PICTURES



JOSEPH CAWTHORN



Silver Screen's Movietown Topics

THERE seems to be trouble brewing on the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez horizon. And you can have your own choice of the rumors going around about them.

One set of whispers says that Gary and Lupe are just a settled married couple, having taken the step more than two years ago in that little desert town, Yuma.

Other whispers hiss that the romance is all over and that Lupe has a new love, a very well-known gentleman about Hollywood.

Lupe denies both stories and Gary never says anything anyway.

SPECULATION is rife in Hollywood as to how Virginia Valli will fit into the Charles Farrell-Jobyna Ralston-Richard Arlen family. Charlie and Dick were the closest of pals as extras and stardom didn't separate them. When Dick got married, Joby stepped in and darned socks for both boys, and ever since the three have been inseparable companions. Now the question is whether Virginia will fit into the combine and make it a threesome, or two very separate two somes.

SINCE John Wayne, the former property boy who clicked in "The Big Trail," has been making good in a big way, he has been going for Virginia Cherrill, of "City Lights" fame, also in a big way.

But it seems there used to be a little Spanish girl in whom John was interested. And it seems she has the usual fiery Spanish disposition and is sharpening her machete, or whatever weapon you use in avenging lost love. They do say that handsome John is quite worried.

ALL Movietown was rocked to its foundations the other day when Edna Best walked out of "Cheri-Beri," John Gilbert's next picture. And what a reason the girl gave! She said she was lonesome for her husband back in New York and that a career or a contract counted as nothing when it came to being separated from him. Fancy

an old-fashioned lass like that lost among the cameras!

Edna held up production for a couple of days but she's been forgiven. The promise is that her very charming husband will shortly be signed up, too. He's Herbert Marshall, most English and most attractive.

LOVE has lately visited even SILVER SCREEN. Our own Harriet Parsons is going to be a June bride and the very lucky lad is Edward Woods, who played the hysterical boy in "Mother's Cry."

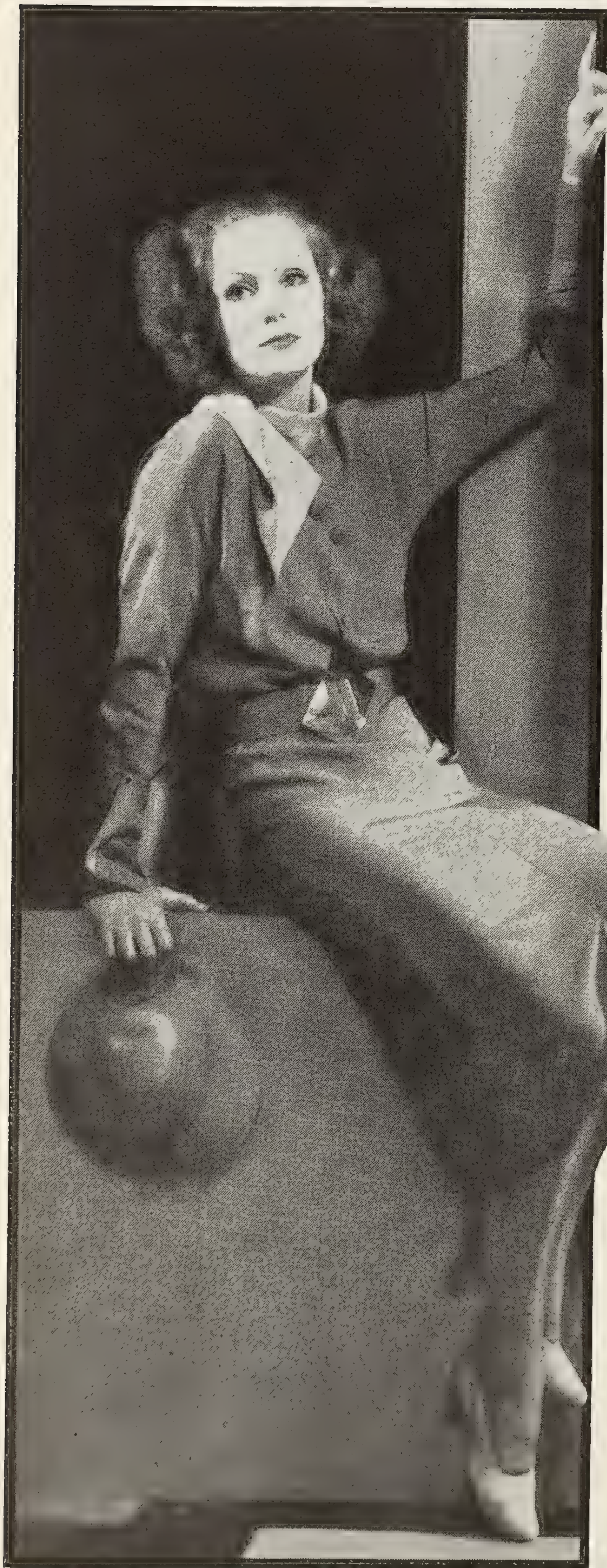
CLARA BOW'S troubles with her former secretary, Daisy DeVoe, are over. Daisy, found guilty of theft, was sentenced to five years, eighteen months of which she will actually have to serve in the county jail. After that, she will be released on probation. The day she was found guilty, Clara arose out of a sickbed to write a letter begging mercy for the girl who had been found unworthy of her trust. Which was a pretty generous act, if you ask us.

KAY HAMMOND, Mrs. Henry B. Wetherby in private life, is now listening to the "gahs" and "goos" of a baby son, born on February fifth, weighing seven pounds.

MARY CARR, who in the days of silent films, gave many touching performances as a poverty-stricken mother who would have to be sent over the hills to the poor-house, is now really poverty-stricken and bankrupt. Her only assets are a wedding ring and a few personal belongings. She has been trying to support her invalid husband and her six children, but there have been few calls for her since talkies came in. Her children don't seem to get the breaks, either.

MAYBE it was because she signed a new contract with Warners', or maybe not, but Paramount wanted to give Kay Francis a rôle as a maid. The idea probably made her ill, for Kay produced a doctor's certificate to show why she couldn't play in the picture. [Continued on page 42]

Why GARBO is the



Garbo's appeal is not sex appeal, says Dr. Bisch. It is her lonely search for the perfect love that brings all humanity to her feet

Science
Views the Glorious Greta
and Discovers that the
Man She Loves (the Last
One You'd Suspect) is
the Secret of Her Charm

WHEN the editor of this magazine first asked me for a psychological interpretation of Greta Garbo, I felt that, not knowing the lady personally nor having had the privilege of actually "psycho-analyzing" her, the task would be a difficult one, if not, indeed, a job quite impossible.

"But," insisted the editor, "nobody really understands Garbo. Her few intimate friends adore her but are baffled by her. We all know she is a great artist. We know that off screen she is without affectation. But that doesn't explain why this tall, lanky Swedish girl has changed the hairdress and the manner of a million other worshipping girls. It doesn't explain why this woman who lives alone, who has had no scandal attached to her name, is still regarded as a great siren. She breaks all the accepted rules of beauty and charm. Tons of printed words have been written about her. But has not *science*—perhaps in this case the court of last appeal—some sort of an explanation to offer as to why Garbo is the world's love ideal?"

I had to confess that this moody, aloof, shy, indifferent—yet insistently glamorous and winning personality withal—did constitute a challenge to that science of the mind which seeks to probe deeply into the "whys" and "wherefores" of human conduct and bring to light—to the light of consciousness—the subtle and repressed mechanisms lurking in the unconscious part of individuals.

And the longer I pondered the problem the clearer the possible, nay probable, solution became. I could see that, considered from the psychoanalytical angle, Greta Garbo's unusual reactions at once were understandable. And so, like Einstein, who propounded a theory of the universe without being able to check it up, I have evolved a psychological theory which seeks to make plain the "why" of Garbo while at the same time showing the reasons for her unprecedented popularity.

Garbo, I believe, is harboring a powerful *father complex*. Admit this and the mist of uncertainty and contradiction which surrounds her personality at once lifts.

Now science knows that every girl has a father complex whether she wills it or not, and that the strength of this

World's Love Ideal

By

Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

father attraction determines what kind of a man she falls in love with and marries, if, indeed, she falls in love and marries at all.

In other words, since the father is the first male a girl becomes acquainted with, there are implanted in her mind ideals of the opposite sex which are dominated by the concept of the father. Kindness, understanding and affection, for instance, displayed by the father, would become the qualities of character which would invariably rouse love in a daughter whenever she met these qualities in a stranger. Such a girl, meeting a man who showed these traits pronouncedly, could not help but fall in love with him.

Now then, suppose no such man with these special outstanding traits came along? Then she would remain cold to any suitor no matter what other fine qualities he might possess. And, furthermore, should the father be a most exceptional man, the daughter in consequence finding it exceedingly difficult to duplicate his particular traits of character, such a young lady would most certainly be doomed to spinsterhood.

To be sure, no girl actually and consciously realizes these hidden love motives. Not only that, every man she meets becomes a possibility—that is, a possibility so far as displaying, on better acquaintance, the dominating traits which, alone, can hold her sex interest.

We do, of course, know for a fact that Greta Gustafsson's father died when she was only fourteen years of age. Just the years, you will admit—those highly emotionalized years of adolescence—when a girl's ideal of her father can fairly run riot. In other words, Garbo's hero—her father—was snatched away before she had had time to check up on it, as it were, to discover that he had faults, too, like other men. And so she was left with a highly idealized memory of him. No doubt, he soon became a sort of dream hero—a man who never, never could really be duplicated again in actual life.

Garbo's feeling of gratitude to Mauritz Stiller, the director who "discovered" her and brought her to this country—a man much older than she—must surely be interpreted as a duplicated father affection. And concerning her romance with John Gilbert and its unsatisfactory



Dr. Bisch is one of America's most famous psychologists. He has "analyzed" many of this country's greatest people and his writings are widely syndicated. Read what this man has to say of the world's greatest siren

ending, would not the natural explanation be that he did not fulfill her father complex strivings? Jack is not at all the paternal type. There is too much "little boy" in him for that.

Alongside a strong father fixation there usually exists in such types what is called a colorful "family romance." By this is meant not only a powerful love, as such, for one's own family, but also a tendency to want to be with them always, to miss them when absent, and a desire to help them and elevate them in every way possible.

For corroboration of these tendencies in Garbo we have only to remember how generally homesick she is and how, to this day, after four years of Hollywood, she still retains there all the earmarks of a foreigner. And besides, has there ever been a daughter more eager than she to make the folks at home comfortable and so, in a measure, overcome the memory of the privations and even poverty which they are said to have endured together?

In Greta Garbo we find many things in one. Some say it is her inscrutability that charms. To others it is her repression. There are those who find a certain naivete, a kind of sweet innocence in her portrayals. Still others see her as a bewildered adolescent like themselves. Often she is considered a vamp. And one woman I know, suggested that to her Garbo was the perfect mother type although she had never seen her hold a baby.

Yes, there are many facets to Garbo's personality. And

that is the secret of her universal appeal. In her various film appearances she presents many different sides. And therefore any woman, no matter what her own father complex may be, can readily identify herself with the actress and experience the same emotions as Garbo herself portrays on the screen.

If Garbo did not have a strong father complex, she probably could not be so multi-sided. And if it were conscious to her in its entirety she probably could not stir up these many moods in her beholders through sheer acting talent.

For if this greatest actress of the screen is anything at all she is natural. Her movement and facial expression come almost without bidding. [Continued on page 80]

Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood

That is SILVER SCREEN's prize winning slogan.

Selected from the more than one hundred thousand slogans submitted, SILVER SCREEN's judges chose this five word slogan as most nearly epitomizing the spirit of this magazine.

SILVER SCREEN, reflecting the magic of Hollywood.

Don't you think yourself it has a nice sound?

The slogan was submitted by Mrs. Ina E. Barres of 354 Hollenbeck St., Rochester, New York.

We called Mrs. Barres by long distance telephone to inform her of her good fortune. She could hardly talk for joy. But she told us this much. She is a housewife and her husband is a ladies' tailor. They have two children, a girl and a boy, and the family dream has always been to own a little home in the suburbs of Rochester. That's what the prize money will go for—buying a plot of land on which to build the dream house. Charming, isn't it? Mrs. Barres also told us this contest was the first one she had ever entered, and promised to have her picture taken to run in our June issue.

Now, as to the contest itself. It began, as you know, in our December, or second issue. Entries came not only from every state in the United States, but from every country in the world. They came by letter, by telephone, by wire, and by cable. The contest closed midnight, January 10th, 1931.

There were scarcely any contestants satisfied with sending in one mere slogan. The average person sent three or four. Some ambitious souls went as high as eight hundred apiece.

The quality of them all was surprisingly fine. There were, of course, some pets. There was the reader who called SILVER SCREEN "Her

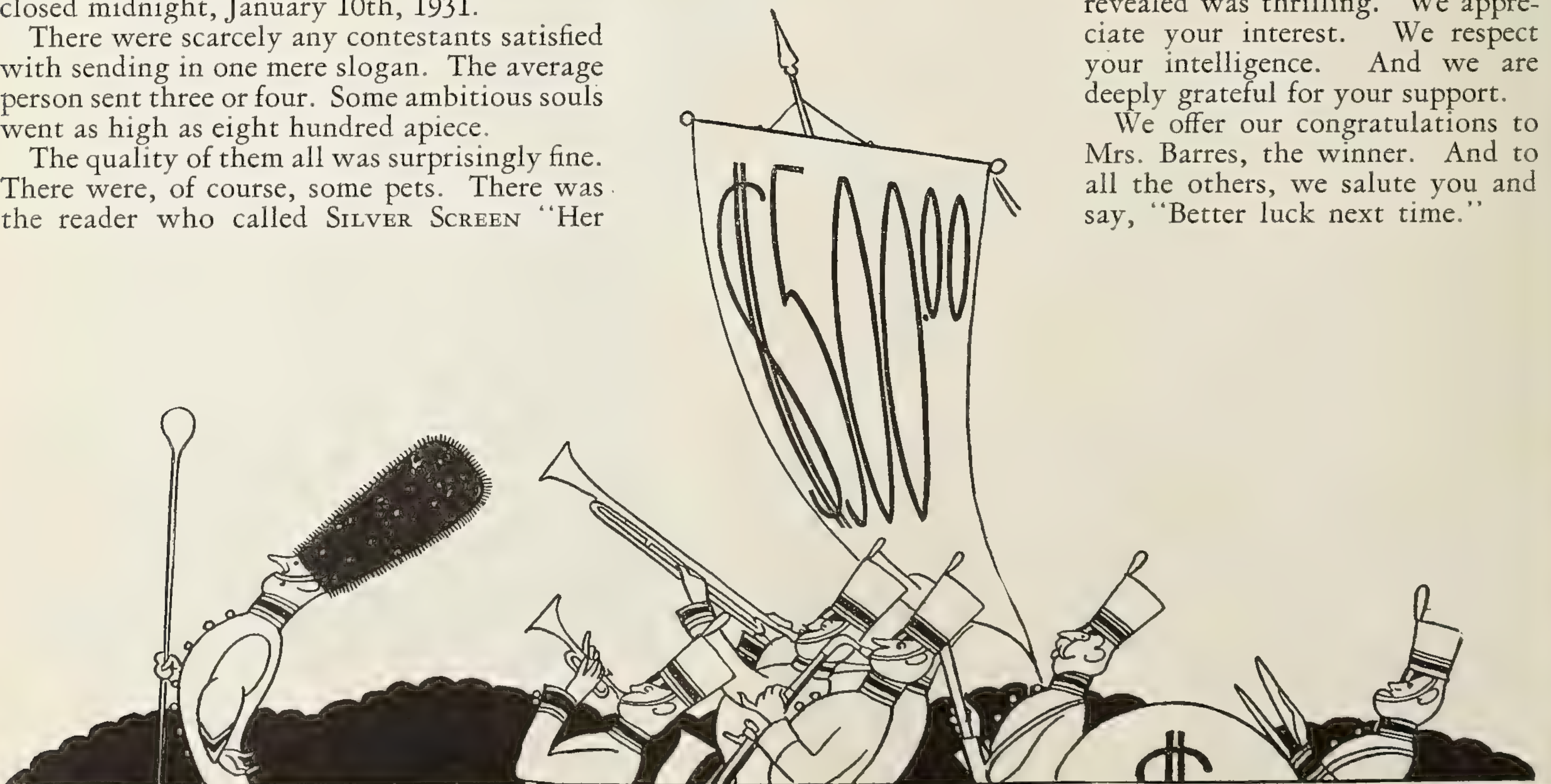
Bedtime Passion." Another one said, "Hollywood Has the Best Shaped Legs," which is a fact, but not a slogan. Another called us "The It That Glyn Forgot," but we had a notion he was kidding us slightly; and there was the fan who said we were a Boop-poop-a-doop magazine, which isn't so bad after all.

All in all, it was a grand contest. It was interesting to note which slogans appeared most often. There were about ten thousand that called us "The Mirror of Hollywood." It was also interesting to see how Hollywood's favorite noun, passion, has got about. Besides the Bedtime Passion, there were lots of other kinds.

The judges were forced, necessarily, in order to be fair, to exclude slogans that mentioned the names of other publications. They eliminated also all slang phrases, vivid as they are, just because they might be "old hat" in a year or so. But even with all these "kills" the final choice had to be made from some three hundred most excellent subtitles. There was one, "The Magazine of Youth and Beauty," that the judges favored very much—but out it had to go because it was a word too long.

The editor of this magazine and the judges want to take this occasion to thank all the people who entered the contest. You were all pretty wonderful and the spirit of fair play you revealed was thrilling. We appreciate your interest. We respect your intelligence. And we are deeply grateful for your support.

We offer our congratulations to Mrs. Barres, the winner. And to all the others, we salute you and say, "Better luck next time."



The Girl who loved Laughter



Renee Adoree who loved life too much is now beguiling weary hours in a sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona



Renee at the height of her fame, when she panicked us in "The Big Parade"

Little Renee Adoree is now just another Hollywood Sob Story

By
Bob Moak

THE story of the candle and the moths was written many, many years ago, but every so often it bobs up as a new fable in Hollywood! It becomes the story of the darlings of fame flying too close to the bright flames of desire, and getting their wings singed.

The first great story of that kind was that of Wallace Reid. There have been others since—Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, and Alma Rubens, all tragic figures.

Each of them loved life and laughter too well.

But it is to Renee Adoree that those Hollywoodians who pause occasionally in the mad rush of life in the town of celluloid are today giving thought. Renee, a wasted shadow of the once vivacious girl who won our hearts in "The Big Parade," is paying the price of her gaiety on a white cot in a Prescott, Arizona, sanitarium, a cot made possible to her by the generosity of Marion Davies.

Renee is penniless. Her "playmates" of better days have deserted her.

The flame of her life is flickering.

When Wally Reid first came into fame he was young, handsome, robust. The light of his personality shone like a million candles rolled into one. And there was welcome written upon every beam. Reckless abandon was his chief enemy. Life was fast and swift for Wally, and as the days flew past, he steadied jumpy nerves with stronger wine and madder music. The more rapidly life went, the faster Wally lived to keep pace with it—until that fatal day when the friendly arms of a hospital closed upon him, never to open again.

Barbara La Marr had stepped suddenly from the shadows of obscurity into the brilliant glare of fame. Her idea of life was *living*. The days might be made for working, but the nights were for love and laughter and music and wine.

She often said, "One loves to live only because one lives to love."

The end came for her with only one friend, ZaSu Pitts, representing the love she had died striving to find.

Then there was Mabel Normand—gay little Mabel, who couldn't stand solitude. She was a nervous, high-strung girl who

could see no reason for resting when a whirl with a gay throng pepped her up as much as did eight hours of sleep.

But the time soon came when she was alone with doctors and nurses. The night she died, the old crowd were all at a merry party and laughingly autographed one of her old photos to tell her she wasn't forgotten!

Renee Adoree should have closed her door against the pleasure swarms. She didn't, though—and they clustered about her, taking her strength.

Renee didn't mind. She loved them. She fed them hilarity in its most advanced form. No night was ever long enough to cover one of Renee's parties. They were the gaudy, fantastic screen that robbed her memory of an unloved babyhood. They wiped out the bitterness of circus life, the stinging whip of a dancing master, the loss of a father, four years of war, waiting on street corners in a cold London fog, black coffee in railroad stations, two marriages that failed, stardom that never was reached, money she earned but never received.

They were the tinsel that shone like gold—the stimulant that kept the little actress on her feet long after her lungs had failed her!

But they also obscured her view of the future. Never once did she see the doors of the sanitarium yawning.

Fits of coughing shook her frail shoulders and hemorrhages caused her to rush out of sight lest Ramon Novarro or someone else working with her [Continued on page 65]

That Darned Fool, Bakewell

*That's What His Friends
Called Billy—But Oh, How
Wrong They Were!*

By

Edward Churchill

BILLY BAKEWELL has a square jaw. Billy Bakewell has everything which is supposed to go with a square jaw.

He said to me: "I don't owe a thing to myself. Whatever I become in motion pictures, I owe to my friends. They are the ones who put me across."

This didn't sound right to me. I told him so.

"My friends said that I was a darned fool and a lot of other things when I left military school and started hanging around studios," he continued. "They said I hadn't a chance. They told me that I ought to get over a lot of silly ideas and go to work for a living."

I gazed at Billy Bakewell's jaw and he didn't have to tell me any more. I understood him perfectly. Just enough determination lurking behind pale blue eyes to take the discouraging attitude of his friends to mean "I dare you!" Just enough nerve in his make up, to reply, in the face of hundred to one odds: "I take that dare!"

Five years ago it was when his friends scoffed. Billy was seventeen. Now he is twenty-two.

The friends are beginning to say: "I knew him several

years ago when he wasn't so tall and went to school."

Bill is glad to have them begin this "knew him when—" business. Anyone would be. But it doesn't turn his head. And, furthermore, those who urged him not to go into motion pictures are still his friends.

He still is the friend of those who laughed.

And he's nice to his new friends, too.

You'd like Billy. He has a "heavy" handshake. He has a wide, generous smile. He's always glad to see you. He likes to have you interested in his work. If you should say: "I didn't like you in such-and-such a picture because of this or that," he'd listen intently. He'd ask you why, and what, and how. Next time, he'd do it differently.

Billy is the "learningest" person I know. He grabs onto suggestions and ideas, whether they come from directors, admirers or critics. He studies those players he knows to be capable. He sees every picture he thinks is worth-while, and studies it to find out why it is a success.

At twenty-two, he's still going to school—the school of experience.

When his friends told him he ought to "get out and work," they apparently thought that acting in motion pictures didn't entail anything more than drawing a pay check.

Billy never had that idea.

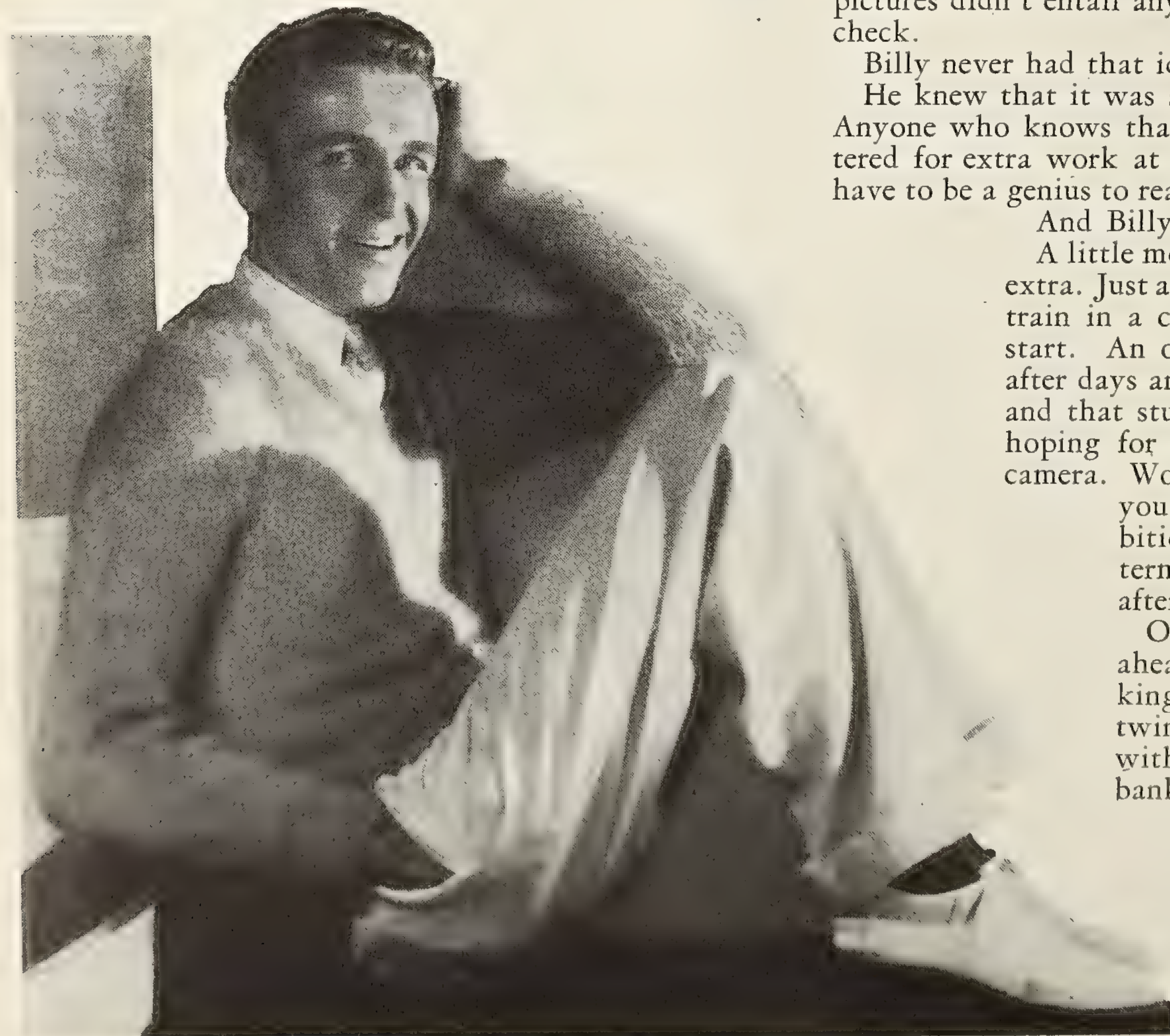
He knew that it was a highly competitive profession. Anyone who knows that there are 17,000 persons registered for extra work at Central Casting Bureau doesn't have to be a genius to realize this.

And Billy has worked to get to the top.

A little more than four years ago he was an extra. Just a kid, carrying Raymond Griffith's train in a coronation scene. That was his start. An opportunity which came to him after days and weeks of hanging around this and that studio, watching and waiting and hoping for even a chance to get before a camera. Work? Just waiting is work, when you are young and eager and ambitious. Few youngsters have determination enough to take rebuff after rebuff for weeks at a time.

Once he hit his stride, he went ahead rapidly. He was the young king and, at the same time, his evil twin brother, in "The Iron Mask" with his personal idol, Doug Fairbanks.

[Continued on page 73]



Billy Bakewell has a square jaw. Billy Bakewell is twenty-two. Five years ago his friends said he couldn't make good. He showed them!



The Real Joan Crawford

By

Radie Harris

WHENEVER a harassed editor is hard up for good copy, she (or he) sends out an S. O. S. for an interview with Joan Crawford. That the story is invariably the same is beside the point. The titles always manage to be different—e.g.: "The Resurrection of Joan Crawford"—"A Dancing Girl Reforms"—"How Love Transformed a Butterfly."

In other words, Joan's "past" is constantly being dug up for a writer's holiday. And it's getting a trifle nauseating.

I never knew Lucille Le Sueur. I never knew Joan Crawford when she was a "dancing daughter." But I do know her now. And it is of this Joan that I am going to write, a Joan whom I respect as an artist, admire as a person, and value as a friend.

During the past year, Joan Crawford has made more rapid strides than any other actress in her field. With "Untamed," her first talking picture, she showed promise of a ripening maturity—a richer development. With "Paid," she fulfilled that promise by rising to such dramatic heights that hard-boiled critics anointed her in superlatives and a doting public went wildly ecstatic.

"Young Doug's influence," said *l'homme qui sait*.

"Undoubtedly," was Mother Grundy's retort.

To deny that Joan's marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has benefited her work would be almost as foolish as confirming a Clara Bow engagement rumor. But Douglas doesn't deserve all the credit. Nor does he want it.

Before Joan met Douglas, she had already climbed the ladder to success on rungs pronged with the usual obstacles attendant upon Fame and Fortune. An indomitable will, an overwhelming courage and a driving ambition had carried her there. With three such "props" to fall back on,

she couldn't help but succeed. Douglas's love was the final incentive.

She is happier now than she has ever been in her life. But she is not content.

Because she knows that contentment stultifies ambition. And she would much rather travel than arrive.

She takes neither her career nor her marriage for granted. Both are her "life work." Being an extremist, she is indefatigable in everything she undertakes. She even boils an egg with passion.

She is known as the best trouper on the M-G-M lot. Never late. Never temperamental. Never unreliable. She doesn't take any credit for good behavior.

"It wouldn't do me the least bit of good to start any fireworks," she explains. "No one would pay the least bit of attention to me. You see, everyone at the studio remembers me 'When'—so that now if I begin to assert myself, I am dismissed with a patronizing, 'There, there, little girl, run away and play. Musn't bother big, important picture executives!' It was only after my family physician warned the studio that he would not be responsible for my health if I continued to work sixteen hours a day that I was permitted an eight hour schedule."

She and Douglas are at different studios during the day but they always share their work together at night. Cueing each other on lines. Engaging in lengthy discussions of characterization. Accepting and vetoing suggestions. Business and pleasure combined.

They enjoyed playing together in "Our Modern Maidens," but they don't think they will do a repeat. As Joan says: "It makes the audience conscious of us instead of our characterizations. When Douglas makes love to me, immediately they begin to wonder whether that is the way he kisses me at home. Were he to act [Continued on page 72]"

How Casting Directors

What Qualities Are Needed To Help You Succeed In the Movies? And Have You Got Them? Read This, and See What a Casting Director Would Think of You



Karen Morley has that certain Something. She's the girl who commits suicide in "Inspiration"



Three studios turned Lew Ayres down. And now he's one of our most popular actors

DO YOU think and act originally, or do you think and act like a thousand other persons? Do you attract attention as you walk along the street, or are you overlooked by those who pass?

Is your voice low and resonant?

Do you please those with whom you come in contact?

Have you "It"? Does your personality thrill?

No, this is not a game. That is, not exactly a game. The questions are based on casting problems, and they are designed to measure you for motion pictures. If you are different from other people, if you have a good voice, if you are attractive to your own and the opposite sex, you have a chance in pictures.

Provided, of course, you can attract attention at the right moment, that you have either a natural or a trained ability to act, and that a casting director has a part which will fit you.

Casting director? He's the czar of the industry as far as the players are concerned. I say "he"—there are a dozen full-fledged czars ruling those inner kingdoms, the studios of Hollywood.

I have talked with five of the "big shots," trying to find out two things. The first is how much chance the average person has of making a successful motion picture actor. The second is to find out how those who have made good have accomplished their purpose.

I take pleasure in introducing five of those who hold the fates of the stars, the future stars, and the stars of the past in their hands.

Meet Fred Datig, for eighteen years a casting king, and for the past several years the guider of the destinies of Paramount players. Next to him, folks, is Dan Kelly, who presides at Columbia, and who, before that, ruled First National. The third czar is Benny Thau, who has held the throne at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for more than a year. We also have the pleasure of the company of Rufus LeMaire, who picked stage casts for years and who now decides who shall work at Warner-First National Studios.

Lastly, we have Rex Bailey, who started as an extra, but who now is ruler at Radio Pictures Studio.

Each one of these men will talk with you. He'll explain his business, and how he manages it. But, before we start, there is an interesting point of a general nature which we must bring out. Lew Ayres, adjudged the most popular actor of today in a recent newspaper contest, and author of his life story which appeared in *SILVER SCREEN*, was turned down when he asked for small parts in three of the above studios!

Lew had a part in "The Kiss" with the Garbo at Metro.

Tests were made of him before and after this picture and he finally was rejected as having no possibilities! Rufus LeMaire claims that he recommended Ayres to Columbia but that he was turned down. Rex Bailey didn't see a possibility in Ayres. Universal snapped him up, raised him to \$750 a week and, a few weeks ago, kited his salary to \$2,250 a week. While the star war was on, Warner Brothers offered him \$100,000 for six pictures!

HERE'S HOW CASTING DIRECTORS FEEL ABOUT MOVIE ASPIRANTS:

"If your face and your thoughts are like the thoughts of a thousand others, get out of the industry and stay out." Fred Datig, casting director, Paramount-Publix West Coast Studios.

"You must have a voice with personality. Your voice will make or break you." Dan Kelly, Columbia Pictures.

"You must have youth, attractiveness, appeal for the opposite sex, and an ability to interpret emotions." Benny Thau, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"You need a number of attributes, as well as good posture, facial expression, and character which, blended, make what we call personality." Rufus LeMaire, Warner-First National Studios.

"You need that something . . . which lifts an extra out of the extra class . . . which radiates . . . which transcends the physical . . . which others notice and feel." Rex Bailey, Radio Pictures.

Judge People

By

Clark Andrews



Norma Shearer had possibilities from the start. But it took Thalberg to discover them



Millions have bright eyes and curly hair, but Johnny Mack Brown had something else—personality



Nancy Carroll's personality registered even in a photograph. That's how she got her big chance

So much for Lew. Just wanted to show you what a big gamble it is.

All right, Mr. Datig. You're first. Tell the customers what makes you pick them, confess your mistakes, and give us instances to back up your arguments.

Mr. Datig speaking:

"Any man or woman who is willing to wait for a call from Central Casting Bureau and who is willing to work a few days out of the year hasn't the spark which is needed by an actor. The player who succeeds is the one who, through sheer force of his or her personality, attracts the attention of the casting director."

That's saying plenty. Here's more.

"If you look, act and think like a thousand other persons, you haven't a chance in motion pictures. We need personality, originality and individuality. There are 17,000 extras clamoring for a chance in motion pictures, but not more than a score now anywhere near the top have graduated from the ranks of the extras. They had personality, which made them click immediately. Those who haven't it never will have it.

"Gary Cooper crashed into the front ranks at Paramount not through my efforts alone, but following a conference in which five executives studied him carefully.

"Laura La Plante was a find of



It took Chevalier to discover Frances Dee. Luck played a big part. He saw her in a studio restaurant



Laura La Plante was discovered by Casting Director Fred Datig, who saw that "hidden spark" in her

mine. I hired her because I saw that 'hidden spark' which makes an actor or actress. I was with Universal at the time. Irving Thalberg, also there, didn't like her. I hired her each morning and Thalberg fired her each night. This procedure continued until Thalberg went with Metro, and she became a star."

Here's a good one. Nancy Carroll, today, doesn't know exactly how she got into motion pictures. Here's the lowdown.

"Miss Carroll was playing on the stage in Los Angeles," confides Datig. "Anne Nichols, aiding us in selecting the cast for the motion picture version, personally saw every eligible actress in Hollywood. We offered her Fay Wray. She turned down each and every one, including Fay. The situation looked bad. Then, I flashed a profile and a full face view of Miss Carroll.

"That's the girl!" gasped Miss Nichols. 'She has a perfect Irish face.' And so Nancy Carroll became a motion picture star. Even photographs reveal personality. And, sometimes, people who have plenty of personality do not register it on the screen."

Just a chance Datig happened to drag out those pictures.

"Jack Oakie," continues Datig, "was given the part of a villain in a Western picture by Fox. That company couldn't see anything

funny about him. Paramount saw behind his whiskers and caught a glint of mischief in his eye. "You see what has happened."

For some reason, Datig confides, Universal was unable to see the charm and winsomeness of Janet Gaynor. She played small parts over at Universal City. But someone with insight at Fox saw possibilities and signed her. Later, she clicked with the public. Another star made famous!

Esther Ralston was a stunt woman at Universal. She finally was let out. Paramount saw the makings of an actress in her, and the first thing everyone knew the blonde and beautiful Miss Ralston was a Paramount star, drawing one of the biggest salaries up to that date. Norma Shearer was about to take the count at Metro when Thalberg stepped in and decided she had possibilities. She had at one time been advised to get out of pictures. Thalberg teamed her with Gilbert, and now she has reached the highest point in her career with "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss."

Datig says that some stars have personality but lose it. He cites many examples, and proves his point. And, in final illustration of the difference between an extra and an actor, he tells this one:

"Some years ago an actor—I call him that but he wasn't—used to send calendars to all the casting directors. I was among those he honored. The calendar contained his picture, his name, and the slogan, 'For Forty Years a Trouper.' One day a fresh extra came into my office and

wrote beneath the slogan, '—And Not An Actor Yet.' Ironical, but true. He didn't have that particular, peculiar, spark which makes a real player. He never would have it. And there are thousands just like him. I advise these thousands to get out of motion pictures—and stay out."

And now to Dan Kelly. Let's hear from him.

Kelly points out:

"Since the advent of talking pictures, a new factor has entered our business. We used to accept people with screen personality. Now, we cannot take these people unless their voice, too, has personality. A lifeless voice will kill the best pantomimist in the world. On the other hand, a voice will make a success of someone who, in other respects, is only mediocre."

That's a fresh slant. It explains the passing of many "beautiful" people from the screen, and the appearance of fresh talent which is not possessed of beauty but of pleasing personality.

And what is personality, Mr. Kelly?

"Beauty is something you look at. Personality is something you watch."

Kelly, by the way, is famous for this definition. Now, to cases.

"Loretta Young got into motion pictures in a most peculiar way—I mean as a star, of course. She and her sister, Sally Blane, used to work as extras and bit players at the old First National studios.

"We were doing a picture with Colleen Moore. Sally was supposed to do a bit. Sally [Continued on page 78]



A director discovered Marian Nixon when she offered to teach dance steps right on the set



Esther Ralston was a stunt woman till Paramount discovered her and she became a star

Silver Screen Scoops Again!

HERE are the first pictures of Charlie Chaplin's next leading woman. Charlie discovered her during his London visit and considers her his greatest dramatic find. Her name is Sari Maritza. She was born in China, where her father was a prominent business man. Sari (you pronounce it Sharee) has been twice around the world, speaks English, French, German and Chinese, and has appeared in British pictures.



Wide World



Wide World

Everybody's Father Confessor

*Revealing the Unknown
Lewis Stone, Who Listens
to Other People's Troubles
and Tries to Help*



LEWIS STONE is a bit embarrassed at being everybody's father confessor. It worries him a little, too. He's just an actor, he insists, like any other actor. On the screen he plays whatever parts come his way. Villains, heroes, comedy. It's all the same to him. That's his job. As far as his off-screen self is concerned, he's an ordinary, normal human being just like the rest of us. He eats what everyone else eats, sleeps on the same kind of bed. He's just a man who had a childhood like anyone else's, he says. Who happened to drift into acting instead of business or a profession; lived a certain number of years, had a certain number of experiences that we all have, and thinks and feels and acts just like anyone else.

That's what Lewis himself believes.

Yet his fans refuse to believe a word of it. They see something else entirely in him.

Few actors realize that the public builds up a personality for them, out of the rôles they play; a sort of type, or average, of all their pictures. Mary Pickford might be a drunken brute who beat her poor defenseless little husband, and we'd still insist that, at heart, she was a sweet and girlish child. Bill Haines might be a scholarly connoisseur of art—he is, in fact—but still we will always think of him as a wisecracker. And Lewis Stone's fans write him letter after letter telling him that he is, for them, the ideal gentleman, the poised man-of-the-world; grave, distinguished, elegant.

Men old enough to be his brother write him letters beginning, "Dear Dad." That may be simply because his hair is prematurely grey. But women, too, tell him their most intimate troubles. "I am sure a man of your experience will be able to show me a way out," they begin. "One of my women friends saw Harold out with a blonde last Saturday night. I am heart-broken. Shall I begin a flirtation with some other man, and try to make Harold jealous?"

Please tell me what to do. You know about such things."

And children! Children by the hundreds write Lewis Stone. Their letters, more than the others, bring a lump to your throat. "My papa whipped me when I did not do anything wrong. He would not believe me. If you were my papa, you would not hurt me all the time like my papa does."

"Dear Mr. Stone," one sixteen-year-old lad wrote, in a misspelt scrawl, "I work from seven A. M. to five P. M. in a cement factory. I have weak lungs, and the air here is full of dust, and I am pretty sick and am getting sicker all the time. Have you any odd jobs that a willing boy of 16 can do for you? I would like to work for you, Mr. Stone."

And Mr. Stone is a little shamefaced, a little puzzled by all this.

He would like to laugh it off, and he can't. "Am I getting venerable?" he asks. For this is the great terror of all actors: that they are growing old! "People act as though I'm their grandfather. They think I look like a banker, and so they write me and ask me how they should invest their money. I look like a business man, and so they ask me for business advice. Some fan writer who got hard up for material a while ago said in print that my hobby was mechanics. A few days later a woman wrote me asking me how to repair her clock!—always advice! I guess I'm supposed to know almost everything. And I don't. I don't know as much as the people that write to me."

Fans write to Greta Garbo to make passionate love to her. They write to Buddy Rogers to tell him how cute he is. To Betty Compson, to try to sell her things. They write to Lewis Stone to ask him for help. [Continued on page 66]

By Jack Jamison

A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

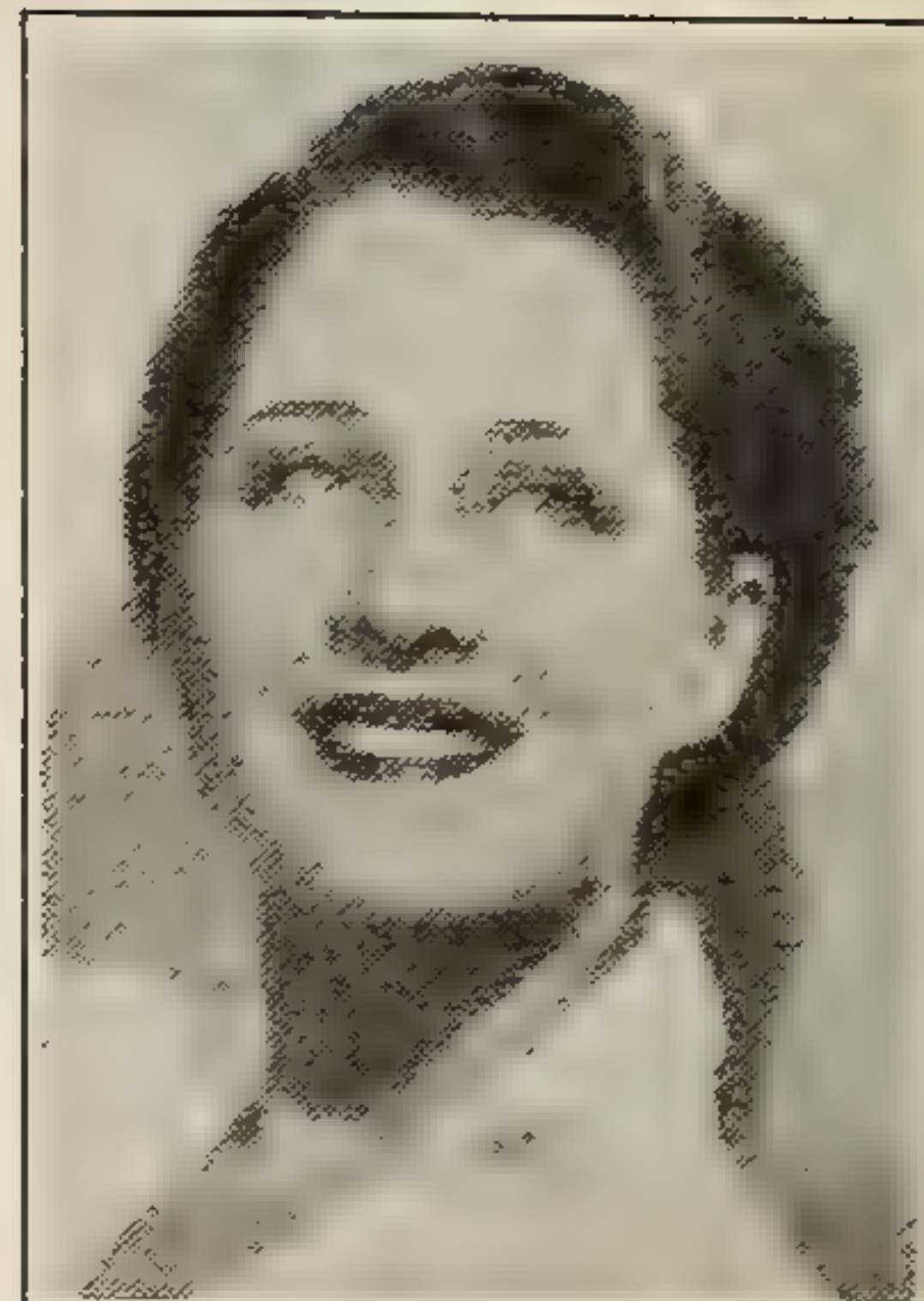
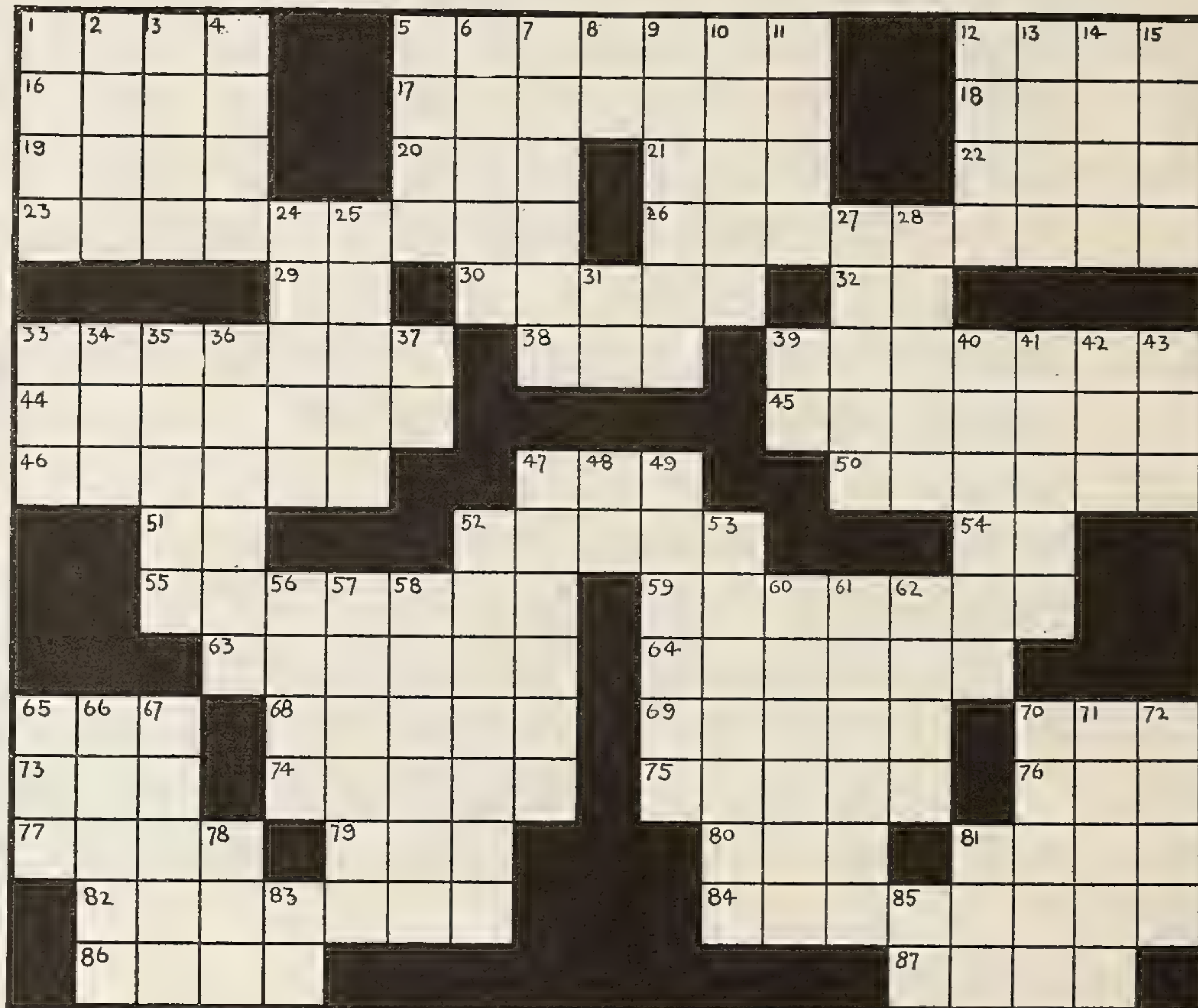
By Alma Talley



52 Down



1 Down



37 Down



82 Across

ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Ruby Taylor's boy friend.
- 5 What they use to take movies.
- 12 Something Will Hays bars in films.
- 16 Something stars do when they change houses.
- 17 A David W. Griffith picture.
- 18 Gary Cooper's girl friend.
- 19 Where Eve lived.
- 20 Conjunction.
- 21 To snoop.
- 22 Whose husband is John Gilbert?
- 23 What you like in a romantic film.
- 26 Someone who expects the worst.
- 29 To accomplish.
- 30 What they strive for in football films.
- 32 Abbreviation of area.
- 33 Hero in "Kiss Me Again."
- 38 Jeanette MacDonald's brother in "The Lottery Bride."
- 39 Dorothy Sebastian's home state.
- 44 What a broke actor is in.
- 45 How we like our stars to act.
- 46 Player in "Truth About Youth."
- 47 To disfigure.
- 50 To mock.

- 51 What started every star.
- 52 What an orchestra leader uses.
- 54 What babies say in the micro phone.
- 55 Affirmed.
- 59 Fumbles.
- 63 To insist upon.
- 64 Heroine in "The Silver Horde."
- 65 What stars say they live for.
- 68 To think.
- 69 Hindu queen.
- 70 To steal.
- 73 Actress brought from South America by Fox.
- 74 Saltpeter.
- 75 Geological division of rocks.
- 76 Hollywood's commonest possession.
- 77 Famous producer, now deceased.
- 79 To soak.
- 80 What they run in underworld films.
- 81 The way one should not look in screen tests.
- 82 Garbo's former flame.
- 84 Turned to bone.
- 86 To remain.
- 87 Small draught—as of brandy.

- 1 Leading male role in "Millie."
- 2 Something our fashion pages tell you about.
- 3 A hot place.
- 4 Dispatched.
- 5 Something Charlie Chaplin carries.
- 6 Amid.
- 7 Glenn Hunter's famous role.
- 8 What a player says when forgetting his lines.
- 9 A small wave (in water, not hair!).
- 10 Measures of area.
- 11 Speaks.
- 12 Co-star in "See America Thirst."
- 13 Star in "Seven Faces."
- 14 Poisonous tree.
- 15 A preliminary to a film contract.
- 24 What the heroine is to the hero.
- 25 A flaming Colleen.
- 27 Joan Crawford's lunch.
- 28 A temperamental star's frequent mood.
- 31 Yes.
- 33 The pride of the O'Malley's.
- 34 Wrath.
- 35 What scenarios strive for.
- 36 Grant Withers' role in "Back Pay."
- 37 Star of "The Divorcee" (initials).

- 39 Article.
- 40 Load.
- 41 Prima donna's solos.
- 42 Indignant (colloquial).
- 43 Something they drink in Hollywood.
- 47 More indignant (colloquial).
- 48 Near.
- 49 Garbo's big thrill in "Inspiration."
- 52 Star in "Common Clay."
- 53 A Mexican male star.
- 56 Actor with a collapsible knee.
- 57 Dominion.
- 58 Spat (the kind you wear).
- 60 Garbo's great gift.
- 61 Shines—like a star's diamond.
- 62 Caustics.
- 65 Mahomet's adopted son.
- 66 What you—and stars—wear upon marrying.
- 67 Implied.
- 70 Regan in "Scandal Sheet."
- 71 Leers.
- 72 Two stars with but a single name.
- 78 Note in Guido's scale.
- 81 Best known German film company.
- 83 Beside.
- 85 Clara Bow's most famous possession.

(In response to your requests the puzzle answer isn't in this issue. The answer—and a brand new puzzle—will be printed next month.)



THERE'S no sense in this picture. It doesn't tell you anything. We're running it just for its breath-taking loveliness. A beautiful girl, a slender tree with tiny, yellow-green leaves, a blue sky with great, white clouds. Youth and beauty in springtime. The girl? That exquisite Edwina Booth



BARRYMORE'S "SVENGALI"

HERE is John Barrymore's answer to the critics who have accused him of being too careful of his distinguished profile. He's grown a beard on it for "Svengali" and his make-up as the sinister hypnotist who willed a girl into greatness, is one of these marvels at which he excels. Across the page is little Marian Marsh as Trilby, looking out over the roofs of Paris, demure and dreaming. The whole production is glamorous with Old World charm and promises to be one of Warner Bros. finest





KESSLERE

MAURICE
CHEVALIER

THEY say he has changed, but we do not believe it. For are there not here the same grin, the same everything that made him—ah, that Chevalier! His new picture, "The Smiling Lieutenant," will bring back the Chevalier of "The Love Parade." For he is here reunited with that prince of directors, Ernst Lubitsch



FOX'S foreign excitement, Elissa Landi, will make her debut in "Body and Soul." Of mixed English and Italian ancestry, she has that exotic quality. But for all that, we hope she isn't launched as a "second Garbo". There is only one. Besides, Elissa looks too individual to be a carbon copy, even of our greatest actress.

ELISSA
LANDI



FEW of the "royal line of stars" remain, but neither heartache nor bad pictures stop Gloria Swanson. She has stamina as well as beauty, intelligence as well as personality. Forget "What a Widow" and forgive her, for in her new picture, "Obey That Impulse," with Ben Lyon she gives us her best, and rises to great dramatic heights

MIEHLE

HE HAS a God-given gift for singing and now Lawrence Tibbett's learning to act. He proves it in "The Prodigal" and thereby gives music-talkies the further chance that they deserve

RUSSELL





JOAN
BENNETT

FRAGILE and beautiful she is, with her golden hair and her green eyes. She came to Hollywood at the end of a heart-breaking love affair, and conquered it with her wistful beauty. She recently appeared with Lew Ayres in "Many A Slip." The secret of her pathetic appeal is explained by Harriet Parsons on the opposite page

Her Own Worst Enemy

Joan Bennett is Victor over Everything except Herself

By Harriet Parsons

YOU WOULD expect a girl like Joan Bennett to be happy.

You would think that a girl who has as much as she has ought never to know anything but bliss.

Women yearn for beauty. They yearn for money. For fame, youth, a home, a child, a career. Most of them feel that if they could have only one of those things, quite positively have them and not merely dream of them, they could let the rest go by.

Joan Bennett has every one of them. She doesn't have to compromise.

From the point of view of a career Joan Bennett's two years in Hollywood have been one long birthday. She has played opposite the biggest stars in the business—Colman, Barrymore, Arliss. Effortlessly she has stepped from triumph to triumph. Wealth and fame have tumbled into her lap. Her future fortune is assured through a new long-term contract with Fox.

Her young beauty is as frailly exquisite as a bit of Venetian glass. She lives in luxury and has a young daughter, whom she adores.

You might think the girl was to be envied.

The truth is that she is to be pitied. She has pretty much everything life has to offer—and it doesn't do her much good. Little Joan has conquered the world but she hasn't conquered herself. And as was pointed out hundreds and hundreds of years ago, what shall it profit a person to gain the whole world and lose his soul? Joan hasn't lost her soul in any spectacular way—but neither has she found it. She has won most of the things she has gone after, and yet the greatest battle of her life lies ahead of her. She is her own worst enemy—and she must become friends with herself.

Joan was barely sixteen when she won her first headlines. Headlines are the accolade of the Bennett family. Making the front page is equivalent to winning your spurs with them. It's a sort of Bennett coming of age, a proving that you are a true member of the clan. Not that the spectacular Richard, or the glamorous Constance, or the dark-browed Barbara do it intentionally. Being good front page copy is simply a Bennett birthright.

Joan, at sixteen, married the young son of an American



millionaire in London. No one was very surprised. Their kid romance had been flourishing spectacularly for almost a year. Joan, a child of fifteen, was completing her education at an exclusive finishing school in Versailles when she met and fell in love with John Martin Fox. Fell in love with all the complete abandon and recklessness that is her greatest charm—and greatest fault.

It was a mad romance. Every week Joan would fly to London by plane just to spend a few hours with the boy who was filling all her thoughts. Puppy love you may call it—but it left a mark on young Joan. Her philosophy is still embittered by the disillusion and heartbreak that were John Martin Fox's legacy to her.

For their marriage was short-lived. The birth of a daughter, Adrienne, and the death of her husband's love were more or less simultaneous events for Joan. Perhaps the boy had never pictured his child-wife in the rôle of a mother. Perhaps it was simply their youth. At any rate there was a divorce a few months later. And Joan, who had dreamed of a love that was to endure forever and ever, was broken-hearted.

She wasn't yet eighteen. She had her child to support. She had to rebuild her life. She had no training for either of those things. But she did both of them.

Her father was putting on the stage version of "Jarnegan." He offered his youngest daughter a part. It was a big part and a difficult one. Joan had never been on the stage before. But she snatched at the opportunity gratefully and went gamely to work.

She clicked at once. Her youthful, tragic intensity got across the footlights. Sam Goldwyn, who knows talent when he sees it, witnessed her performance and offered her the leading rôle opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Such an auspicious entrance into pictures might have proved Joan's finish if she had not had the courage and the talent to rise to (Continued on page 76)

Millionaires

Do You Know the Millionaires of the Colony? Do You Know Who Lost Fortunes in the Wall Street Crash? Do You Know Who the Newly Rich Stars Are? Here Are All the Answers



Douglas Fairbanks
\$4,000,000

Lois Moran
\$400,000



Ruth Roland
\$4,000,000

Charles Chaplin
\$7,000,000



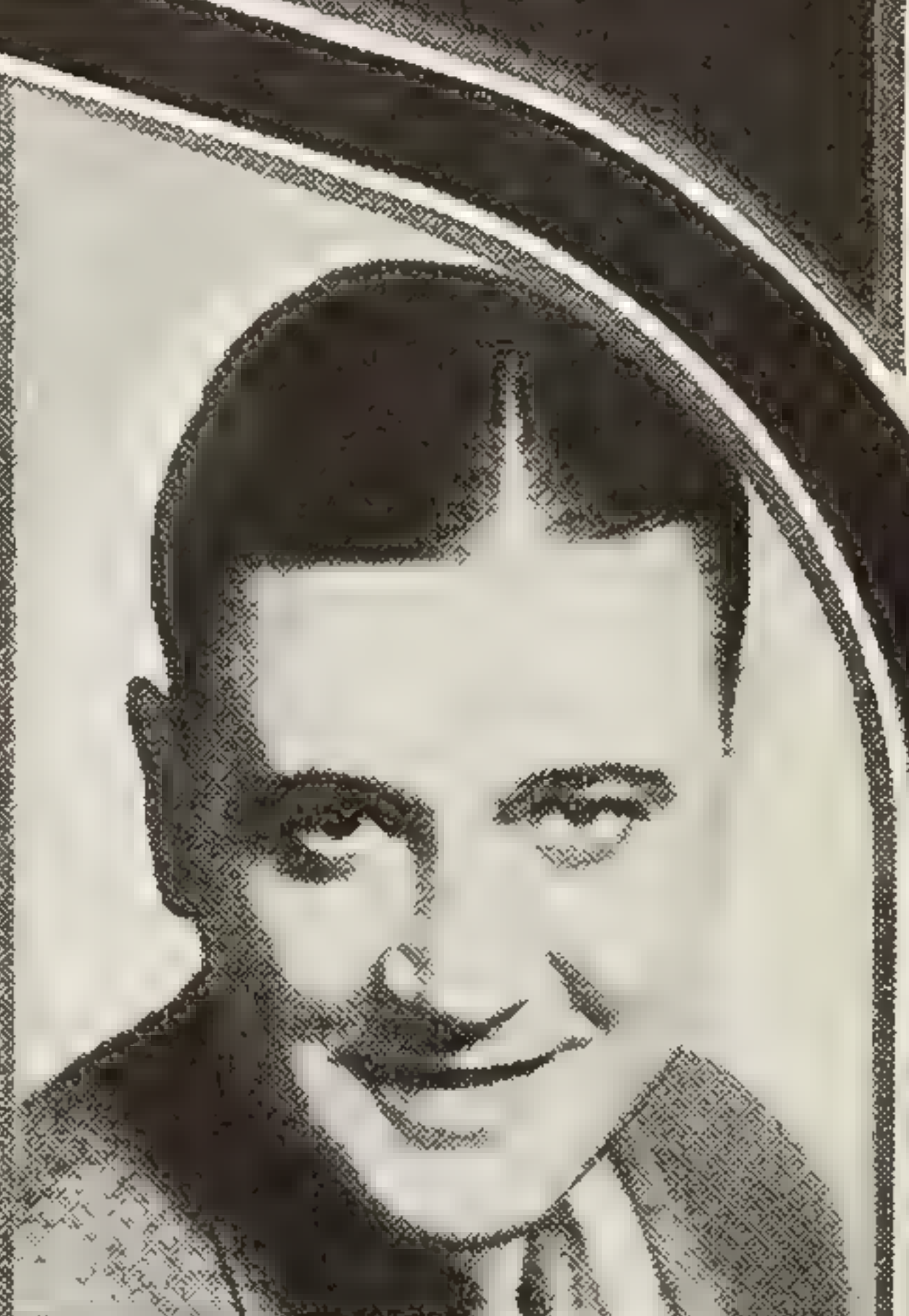
Norma Talmadge
\$2,000,000

Tom Mix
\$1,000,000



Richard Dix
lost \$250,000

Estelle Taylor
made \$250,000



HOLLYWOOD, most intense city in the world, is a rich place—possibly the richest city per capita in the world. Millions are made here every week and, likewise, millions are spent. Once in a while a million or more is saved by some star. The huge salaries that many of them get are for the most part invested wisely and well—so wisely and so well in some cases that they grow and grow until they grow into millions.

This wasn't always true, of course. Hollywood used to be Bohemia, with personalities who had sprung into fame overnight, flinging golden dollars to the high winds of Heaven.

But those days are gone. Even madcap Clara Bow saves today.

The modern farseeing film player realizes that success is a thing that can't last forever and saves against the day when he will be old at thirty-five and probably without work.

First, who is the richest star in Hollywood, barring none?

The answer is—Harold Lloyd! Everyone in Hollywood seems to agree on that. Ask Will Hays' western office! Ask the studios! Ask press agents! Ask stars-about-town! Ask anyone! They all concede that he is the real top-notch.

As some of you know, some years ago Harold tossed up a coin to decide whether to come to Hollywood or go elsewhere. Hollywood won and he came westward. Landing in the film mecca with less than five dollars in his pocket, he soon got a job as an extra at Universal at three dollars a day. After working as an extra for some time, he joined forces with Hal Roach and started making comedies, earning forty dollars a week for about five years. Then he started producing and, as you all know, became world famous.

Nine years ago, Lloyd brought his uncle, William Frazer, to Hollywood to become general manager of the Harold Lloyd Corporation. Frazer, who studied finance and economics at Stanford and Cornell, proved himself such a shrewd investor, buying up valuable real estate and gilt-edged bonds, that today Harold Lloyd has a fortune of something like \$12,000,000! His real luxury is expressed in his magnificent Benedict Canyon home which is about the size of Buckingham Palace, and which cost over a million dollars.

Curiously enough, with all his wealth, Lloyd doesn't care so much for money and his tastes are remarkably simple.

"Of course, I'm glad I have money, particularly for my family's sake," Harold readily admitted, "and

of the Movies

By

Gordon R. Silver

I realize that it can buy many things and give one many advantages. Yet, I don't worship the almighty dollar the way some do. In fact, I know I could be quite happy with much less than I have now—give me just enough to live on comfortably and I'm sure I'd do very nicely. I know I am supposed to be a very rich man, but beyond the fact that I know I have several million, I don't exactly know just how much I am worth! Personally, my money doesn't mean such a terrible lot to me—my family means a million times more than all the money on earth!"

Next to Lloyd, in the matter of wealth, comes Charles Chaplin with approximately \$7,000,000, all of which he made in pictures. Charlie, in all probability, would be giving Harold Lloyd a close race for first honors if Uncle Sam's income tax people hadn't camped on his doorstep a few years ago and stayed camped there until they got the \$1,600,000 extra income tax that they insisted he owed them! Besides that, it cost him a cool million to part with his former wife, Lita Gray Chaplin. After those little bills were paid, the Chaplin fortune dwindled down to a mere seven million. Poor Charlie!

The richest woman in the colony is—Mary Pickford! Mary started saving early, and in 1918 had her first half-million. Today, she has about \$5,000,000 safely invested in banks, stocks, bonds, real estate and various business concerns. She is, perhaps, the best business woman in the picture game and her foresight is uncanny. As someone once remarked, if Mary had started life selling peanuts, she would have cornered the world's supply in less than six months!

Doug has a snug fortune, too—about a million less than Mary. However, when one has four million, another million doesn't matter so very much!

On a par with Fairbanks' wealth is the wealth of Ruth Roland. Down on Wilshire Boulevard, near Fairfax, a huge electric sign, "Roland Square," revolves night and day, marking the Roland business headquarters. As you may know, Ruth owns property on nearly every large boulevard and is always buying and selling—her holdings are really enormous. As the value of land goes up and down, so does the Roland fortune. Some people estimate it at times to be as much as six or seven million. However, at this time, \$4,000,000 is a safe, conservative estimate.

All of Will Rogers' activities have brought practical blessings to Will and his family. It is reckoned by those who know that his fortune is well beyond the \$3,000,000 mark and rapidly growing. Will is known to have a great income—he writes for over 200 newspapers and report says he earns \$25,000 for a week's work before the camera—but he is known also for his ability to hang on to it. His thrift is a sort of byword in the colony. Yet, when he or his family want a thing, he buys it. His [Continued on page 74]



Betty Compson
\$1,000,000

Jackie Coogan
\$1,000,000



Harold Lloyd
\$12,000,000

Mary Pickford
\$5,000,000



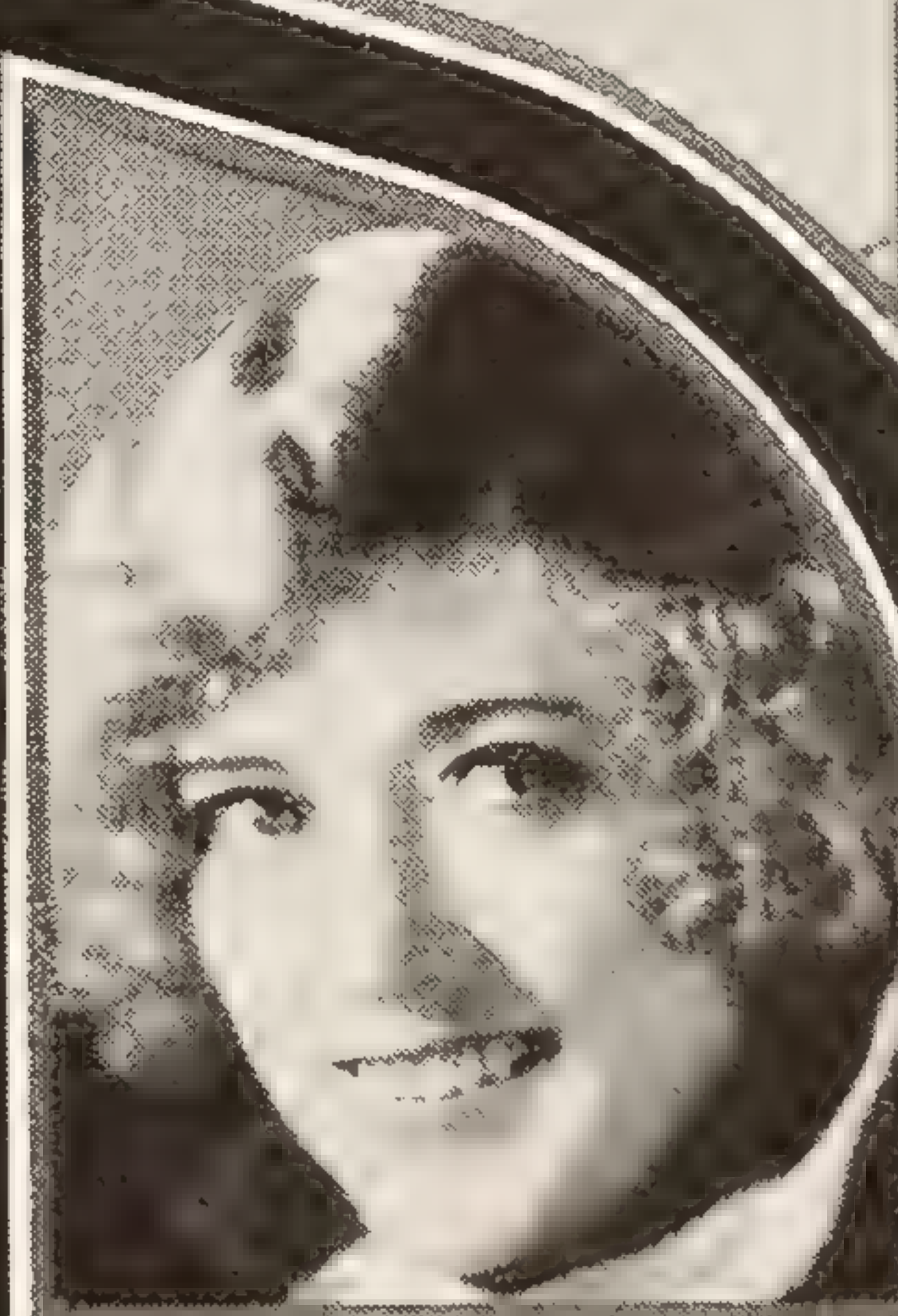
Constance Bennett
\$1,000,000

Louise Dresser
a heavy loser



Marion Davies
\$2,500,000

Will Rogers
\$3,000,000



Do You Understand The Art of Living? You
Can Learn Many Lessons from Ralph Forbes

A Gentleman of Contrasts

By

Marquis Busby

RALPH FORBES is married to Ruth Chatterton. Ruth Chatterton comes pretty close to being the "first lady" of the cinema. But no one has called Ralph, Mr. Ruth Chatterton.

He looks like the immaculate, handsome hero of a Lonsdale drawing room play, but he is an ardent hunter and fisherman. And I don't mean "society" hunting either, but the real rough stuff, sleeping on the ground and eating beans out of the can.

He seems the last person in the world who would be interested in anything gruesome, yet medicine and surgery are his hobbies.

In a little alcove adjoining his bedroom is a cabinet, fairly glittering with surgical instruments. If he hadn't been an actor, he would have been a surgeon. And probably a very good one.

Once, while on a hunting expedition, he actually performed a minor operation on his guide. They were miles from a hospital, and delay might have been fatal. So Ralph took it upon himself to perform the operation. I'll bet a good panama hat that he loved it. I'll bet another panama that the guide was scared to death; but both the patient and the surgeon did "nicely," as the hospital bulletins have it.

Ralph first attracted attention because he looked so much like David Windsor, the Prince of Wales and idol of Britain. After his earlier motion picture triumphs, he attracted attention on his own. He is an interesting person just because he is Ralph Forbes.

In spite of the fact that this young man appears as British as the Parliament Building (he's much more decorative), the blood of England does not flow through his veins. He is of Italian, French and Scotch descent, although he was born in England. His darkish-fair hair and the blue eyes come from his Northern Italian ancestry. But England, somehow, has stamped him for her own.

Like most Englishmen he is hard to know "right off." I have had several sets of impressions of him.

There was one time when I thought him pretty high hat. I first met him soon after he had made "Beau Geste."



Handsome Ralph Forbes looks as British as the Parliament Building, but the blood of Italy, France and Scotland flows through his veins

The world was at his feet. If it all went to his head a bit, few can blame him. There aren't many who can turn a deaf ear to the plaudits of fame.

Since that time, success hasn't always remained at the same fever pitch. Maybe that has made Ralph the more balanced and more understandable person he is today. He has always been likeable.

I had met Ralph before, but recently I visited him in his home. I suppose you never know an Englishman until you see him on the home grounds. His home is his castle. I read that some place, and it *does* fit into this story.

There's another saying that I can subscribe to most heartily—an Englishman's home is a bit of merrie old England, whether it be on the African veldt, by the eternal Ganges, or overlooking a palm lined California garden in Beverly Hills.

When I saw them, Ralph and Ruth were going to have a holiday together for the first time in several years. The next day they were going to New York—just for a month or so.

Ralph and I stood in his "gun room" and talked. Several of Ruth's friends were in the little upstairs drawing room grouped about a roaring fireplace. Hunting prints hung on the walls. Ruth and her guests were having tea.

Ralph and Ruth, after a period of separation, are very happy together again. They lead a charming sort of life. They entertain at small dinners, and prefer the

society of interesting people rather than merely the famous people.

Their home has the appearance of permanency in a town where so few things have that quality. It is beautifully furnished and decorated. You know that things were not purchased in sets ("suites" in the better furniture emporiums). Ralph and Ruth have bought each article because they liked them, not because they were expensive or fashionable. As a matter of fact, they are undoubtedly both.

I have an idea that Ralph is [Continued on page 67]

The Private Life of Mitzi Green

Some Inside Secrets About a Little Girl Who Made Good in a Big Way

By Dora Albert

MITZI GREEN loves spinach chopped up fine with a little garlic in it. But she never drinks milk. She enjoys a hearty dinner. Filet mignon, roast beef, lamb and baked potatoes are among her favorite foods.

In Hollywood she goes to bed every evening at 8.30. When she was doing the "Sante Fe Trail" she was up every morning at six.

When she was making personal appearances in New York, she could not get to bed before midnight, but she never got out of it before eleven or half past eleven the next morning.

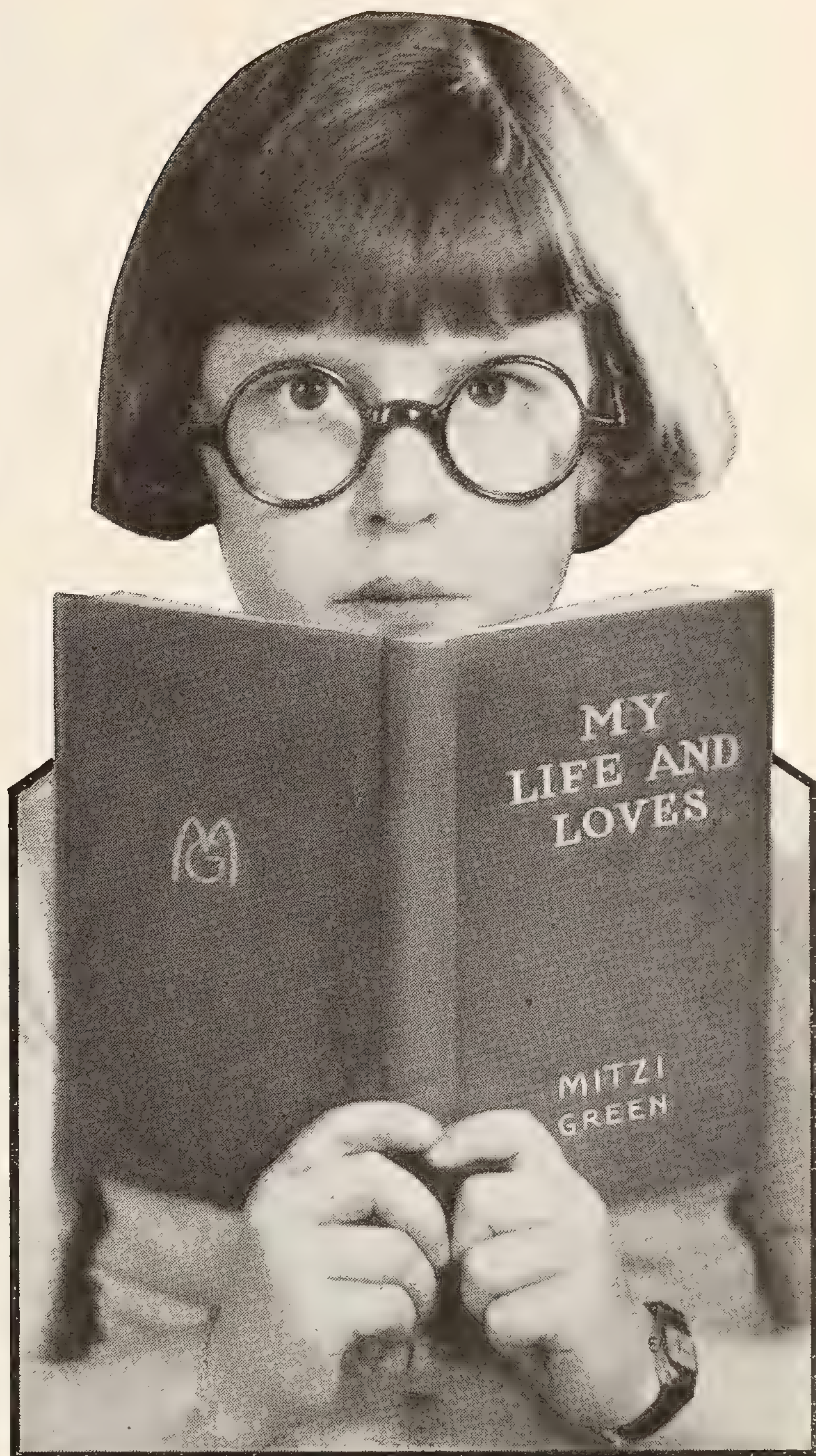
In school she excels in spelling and reading. She loves spelling and cannot be tripped even by words like "lugubrious" and "idiosyncrasy."

In arithmetic she is below the standard of her other subjects. The chances are that she could not compute her own salary.

In the movies she receives a salary of over a thousand dollars a week and the amount paid for her vaudeville appearances is about three times that.

All Mitzi Green's success has been attained in the space of a

Mitzi Green, ten, who plays spoiled brats, is herself unspoiled by fame



little over a year, for August 23 marked the anniversary of her first year in pictures. But Mitzi has been a little trouser since she was about seven. Ever since she was a small child she has been interested in watching people and giving her impressions of them. She saw Moran and Mack when they were on the same stage bill as her mother and father and gave her first imitation of them at a benefit performance. This was such a success that Charles Freeman of RKO arranged to use her as a headliner on an Interstate Circuit.

"She started at a nominal salary," Mitzi Green's mother, Rosie Green of the former vaudeville troupe of Keno and Green, told me.

"What was it?" I asked. Even famous financiers have started at salaries of five and ten dollars a week.

"A hundred dollars a week," said Mrs. Green. "Isn't that amusing?"

Mitzi appeared only intermittently in vaudeville, for in many cities children are not permitted to perform. But one day she appeared in vaudeville on the coast and was discovered by some movie scouts who were looking for a child to play a rather precocious part in "The Marriage Playground."

Paramount never expected Mitzi Green to be more than a flash in the pan. But she confounded all expectations by stealing picture after picture.

In all her pictures so far, with the exception of the demure part she played in "Tom" [Continued on page 79]

How Hollywood

*In Wooing
The Most Beautiful Girls in
the World Hollywood Lads
Use New Methods but the
Same Old Language About
Love and Me and You*



Lydell Peck fell in love with Janet Gaynor in an Oakland theatre. Janet was on the screen in "Seventh Heaven." Lydell used the telegraph for his courting



THE whole wide world loves a lover, particularly a screen lover. In fact, whenever one of Hollywood's favored sons woos and wins his "chosen one," all fandom sits up and takes notice. Each and every fan is tremendously interested. And more than a few exclaim, "I wonder just how he proposed—what he said to her! Gosh, I'd like to know!"

Now, strictly speaking, proposals are rather private affairs (they are meant to be heard, to be sure, but not, as a rule, to be read about!); but, somehow, all of us have that little human weakness—curiosity. So, I set out to learn how certain members of Hollywood's masculine set "popped" the all-important question and just how it was taken by the one on the receiving end.

I asked Eddie Lowe first.

Edmund Lowe does things with a peculiar directness. It is common knowledge in the film capital that when he walks into a store, he goes directly to the counter which handles what he is after, buys it without any fuss and leaves as directly as he came in.

Ed saw Lilyan Tashman on the stage in the Follies. He at once fell in love with her. Later, she saw him on the stage and she was immediately attracted. When they were

Eddie Hillman found that absence didn't make little Marian Nixon's heart grow fonder. Instead she practically forgot him, for another man. Eddie used an airplane getting back to her and changing her mind for her

introduced a few days later, they were at once aware that they had a mutual fondness for each other. They went together for several weeks; then Lowe was called to the West Coast to enter pictures. Lilyan later went to California with her sister to visit Eddie. A couple of days after her arrival, he said to her:

"I LOVE YOU! California is a

Lovers Propose

By

Grace Simpson



Jimmie Fidler, being a press agent, thought of a dozen stunts a day for winning little Dorothy Lee's heart. He wired. He phoned. His florist bill nearly broke the bank

been team mates in vaudeville and in stage productions over a period of five years before they were married about six years ago. Their marriage came about "just naturally," says El. One day he whispered: "I love you, Flo. I feel certain that some day I'll be a real success and make lots of money. Will you share my future, dear?"

Flo's whisper was a "yes" and they stole away from families and friends for the ceremony in a suburb of Philadelphia and were married by a justice of the peace. His office, by the way, was over the town fire-engine house. El says that they had no sooner been pronounced man and wife than the fire gong rang, causing a regular riot. But it was a real fire—not a celebration of their marriage!

A mutual interest in airplanes attracted Ken Maynard and Mary Deper, the girl who later became his wife. Ken was playing in a circus in a mid-west town when she first saw him. Between performances [Continued on page 68]

great place to live. I feel certain that both you and I can make a lot of money and be far happier here than anywhere else in the world. Will you marry me?"

And Lilyan said "Yes." Without hesitation, too, for Lilyan is as direct and straightforward about things as Edmund.

Eddie Tierney, big time vaudeville star and now director of many of the dances you see in Fox pictures, proposed to Marjorie White as they were motoring along the old Boston Post road from New York enroute to Connecticut. "Let's get married, you and me, kid!" Eddie suddenly said. Marjorie accepted. They stopped at a night club where Eddie happened to know the orchestra leader. He was so happy over his good luck he told the musician, who in turn told the manager. An engagement party was promptly staged—and a good time was had by all, so little "Margie" says.

There was no gushing proposal at all in the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon romance. Bebe and Ben had been the very best of friends for a long time. They had been seen together so often their engagement did not come as a surprise. But to this day, they both insist that they do not know just how it happened—as a matter of fact it just sort of *was*. They both understood and they both agreed that they should marry when they did. Ben merely murmured one day:

"Bebe, why don't we marry! We both know we love each other!"

Bebe answered by setting the date!

El Brendel and Flo Burt had
for MAY 1931

Ben Lyon had been engaged many times. So had Bebe Daniels. They decided they weren't the marrying kind, either one of them. Then they met and Dan Cupid sent a hurry-up call for wedding rings. Bebe set the date





Remember Enid Bennett? She's coming out of her retirement as Mrs. Fred Niblo. Her babies are growing up—one's five and the other's three now. So Enid wants to return to her career and you'll see her soon in "Skippy" for Paramount

HEARTS IN HOLLYWOOD. After many evasions, Ina Claire at last admits her separation from John Gilbert. They have taken homes fifteen miles apart from each other, she at Santa Monica, he at Malibu Beach. The inside story is that she told him what she thought of his talkies.

Ronald Colman quietly got a divorce from his wife, Thelma Ray, from whom he's been living apart for quite some time. She was in England, he in Hollywood. Now just recently, as you know, Evelyn Laye got a divorce from Sonnie Hale. And Evelyn Laye and Ronald Colman are said to be "that way" about each other. Ronald never seemed to care much about getting a divorce before, even though it was an open secret that he and his wife had not been able to get along. And now Hollywood is wondering why he should suddenly have sought his freedom, unless he and the fair Evelyn are plotting a wedding.

Douglas McLean, former film star, was recently married to Lorraine Eddy, the stage and screen actress . . . Paul Whiteman, who made "King of Jazz," got his divorce from Vanda Hoff, just as we predicted. She will get \$600 a week alimony. Many women have married for less . . . Marilyn Miller is engaged to Michael Farmer. But she goes places with Hugo Lederer, Marion Davies' nephew, and tells her girl friends she's cuh-razy about him and would just adore being altar-bound with him. So the reporters went to see Michael Farmer and asked him what he thought of that and would the engagement continue. "Why not?" countered Michael. And Marilyn Miller, asked about it, laughed and said, "I'll surprise you all. One of these days I'm going to marry Fred Astaire." And now everybody's wondering whether Marilyn meant it or was just spoofing . . . Thelma Todd, the blonde menace, and T. Sully, the broker, are saying it with engagement rings . . . Grant

MORE MOVIE

[Continued]

Withers and Loretta Young have quarrelled, but we're hoping against hope that they make it up . . . Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli sailed to Italy on their honeymoon. Charlie said that he and Virginia would go on to Egypt and sail eastward around the world after spending several weeks in Italy. But that, of course, is only in case there's no sudden hurry-up call from the studio. For when an actor is called to work, he has to sacrifice everything, even his honeymoon . . . Polly Ann Young, Loretta's sister, has heart flutterings over Houston Brauck, robust scenario writer . . . Viola Dana has definitely retired from the screen and is living in Denver, Colorado, with her new hubby, Jimmy Thompson, professional golfer . . . Gilda Gray hasn't succumbed to talkies as yet, but she does admit her heart is beating extra fast for George Brent, handsome actor who has been appearing in several films for Fox . . . Murrel Finley, said to be one of the most beautiful girls in the world, married Edward Cronjager, cameraman for Richard Dix . . . Kenneth Harlan, who runs a night club and appears in pictures by day, has separated from his second wife, Doris Hilda Booth.

It appears as if it's for keeps, too.

He was once Marie Prevost's husband, you remember.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was given a riotous reception in little old London town. So riotous in fact that he had difficulty in escaping the crowds that followed him everywhere. Finally he ducked into a tiny two-by-four candy store.

The woman owning the store shivered as she saw Chaplin sneak in and close the door stealthily behind him. It had all the marks of a holdup.

"I was hysterical," she said later, "but when the little man asked for some nougat I wrapped up a shilling's worth. Then I rushed out from behind the counter and insisted that the door be opened."

Outside a huge crowd was waiting. You can imagine the timorous little woman's consternation when Chaplin's companion hissed in her ear, "You have lost a big order," while someone in the crowd told her that the man was Charlie Chaplin.

WHEN luck turns in Hollywood, it can be very cruel.

Take Colleen Moore. Her luck has been pretty bad lately. First came her divorce. Then her movie career ended. She tried a play and that failed. Big misfortunes, but even the little ones haven't neglected her. For instance, recently, she went to the premiere of "Trader Horn" in Los Angeles and lost a \$1,500 diamond bracelet.



The clown comes home. The lonely figure greets the rich, or in other words, Charlie Chaplin had a grand time in England, as this picture shows. He visited Shaw, and Lady Astor, and the Prime Minister. And crowds of adoring fellow countrymen greeted him wherever he went. It was a deserved tribute to genius

TOWN TOPICS

from page 15]

PORTABLE dressing rooms as gifts are the rage in Hollywood at this moment. First it was Marion Davies who presented one to Marie Dressler. Now Joan Crawford surprised Doug Fairbanks, Jr. with a movable bungalow which includes a dressing room, a bed and a frigidaire.

Here's our nomination for the goofiest pun of the month. Don't blame us for it. It comes from "Motion Picture Daily."

Teacher: Give me a sentence with the word "vainglorious" in it.

Student: I love to go to the movies vain-glorious Swanson appears.

THERE are certain people who seem to attract trouble just as inevitably as magnets attract iron. Clara Bow is one such person. Through no fault of her own she attracts scandal, gossip and heart-break. Mary Nolan is another person who seems unable to escape from the blows of misfortune. As Imogene Wilson she became involved in a scandal when she was badly treated by the man she loved. She staged a comeback under the name of Mary Nolan. But she lost her contract. She moved from the home she had leased. She was accused of removing an Oriental rug from her furnished room. It all turned out to be a mistake. The janitor or some-

one like that had sent the rug to the cleaners. But now Mary Nolan is in hot water again. Her former cook and her former maid are suing her for back pay.

DID you know that—

Marion Davies plays the piano? Joan Crawford never wears make-up when she is photographed?

Robert Montgomery likes to play with tools and machinery, just as Buster Keaton does?

Besides being a football celebrity and film player, John Mack Brown has another accomplishment? He can pitch hay.

A monster sphinx, used in Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "The Ten Commandments," is now used to mark the entrance of a golf club?

WITH Charlie Farrell on his honeymoon, the Fox people have been having a tough time finding a leading man for Janet Gaynor. First they chose Thomas Meighan to play opposite her in "Daddy Long Legs," her next picture; but he was scheduled to make a picture with Jeanette MacDonald at just about the same time, so after a good deal of thought they selected Warner Baxter as Janet Gaynor's next leading man. Now Janet is ill once more and everything has stopped.



Doesn't little Robert Coogan look just as Jackie used to look in his Chaplin days? And do you suppose Robert will be able to keep up Jackie's record? Besides being a multi-millionaire, Jackie's just signed with Paramount for \$7,500 a week

STARS and others like plain names so that they'll be remembered, but Marion Jackson, Pathe-RKO writer, doesn't. A woman called her up and asked her if she was Marion Jackson. She was quick to reply she was. "I guess you're not the one I want," was the reply. "I don't recognize your voice. The one I want is a bootlegger and ran off with my husband." There are several Marion Jacksons listed in the Los Angeles phone directory.

William Haines was recently robbed of 100 one dollar bills containing the autographs of many different celebrities. Now he is wondering whether he was robbed for his money or whether some autograph hunter got wind of his famous collection.

JOHAN BARRYMORE has completed "Svengali" and now he and his wife Dolores and their little daughter Dolores Ethel Mae are once more aboard the Infanta and heading towards the bright waters of the Southern Pacific.

CLIFF EDWARDS has one of those new radios installed in his automobile.

Now when he wants to impress a new friend, he takes him (or her) out for a drive after telephoning a local broadcasting station with requests for his own records.

ZaSu Pitts goes right on adopting one child after another. She has one of her own; she adopted the son of Barbara La Marr; and according to Sidney Skolsky, she recently adopted four more children.

BUSTER KEATON and Cliff Edwards are big phonograph men now. They got together and made a series of comic records that are much in demand in the screen colony. Of course, they're privately circulated and not on the market. Buster plays the ukulele and Edwards sings in them.

[Continued on page 60]

Yes, sir, that's our baby, SILVER SCREEN. And what is Jimmy Hall doing to it? Jimmy's buying it at a "News-O-Mat," which is just Hollywood's newest way of shopping for its magazines. You drop in the price and get your favorite reading matter. "News-O-Mats" are located in the Los Angeles gas stations. SILVER SCREEN was one of eight magazines chosen from all the national ones for this honor. Are we flattered? We're telling the world we are





UNFAITHFUL

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

Ruth Chatterton carries this whole production, ably assisted by Paul Lukas. The plot isn't so much but Ruth will make you take it and like it. She plays an idealistic wife who pretends to be unfaithful to hide her husband's escapades and keep up appearances. Then she falls in love. Tragedy stalks, but the ending is happy. There is nice direction by John Cromwell and the star is her usual grand self.



A TAILOR MADE MAN

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

If William Haines' smart aleck business was beginning to bore you, you'll be glad to see this picture in which he goes back to the fine acting of which he's so capable. Bill plays a lowly pants presser with ambition who rises through good tailoring and sheer nerve to a position of importance. He falls in love and gets in money difficulties running a store with his own original ideas. Nice dialogue. Joseph Cawthorn, Billy himself, and Dorothy Jordan are fine.



MEN CALL IT LOVE

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

A quiet and sober picture of married life, of a husband who has one afternoon of unfaithfulness, and a loving young wife who tries to escape heartbreak by playing the same game. The philanderer turns out to be an idealist instead of a villain, and love begins conquering all. Slow paced but effective for adult entertainment. Leila Hyams, Adolphe Menjou and Norman Foster form the triangle. Menjou almost steals the picture.

Silver Screen's



STRANGERS MAY KISS

Rating: GREAT

M-G-M

Here is perfect entertainment, and a great dramatic love story. A very modern girl falls completely in love with a foreign correspondent. She goes with him wherever he is sent, regardless of conventions. But when he finally confesses to her that he is married, she leaves, and tries to forget him in a wild life on the Continent. The ending is courageous and delightfully surprising. Norma Shearer is at her finest. So, too, are Bob Montgomery and Neil Hamilton.



DISHONORED

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

The plot is old but Marlene Dietrich and Director Von Sternberg make it fresh and exciting. It concerns the disillusioned woman spy, who trades love for military secrets. She meets the one man, of course, and then her real courage asserts itself. La Dietrich lives up to her publicity. She's glowing and vivid and tremendously dramatic. Victor McLaglen is the lover. The action drags at times, but the star's personality makes it worth seeing.

Reviewing Stand



TEN CENTS A DANCE
Rating: GOOD
Columbia

This is worth seeing for Barbara Stanwyck's acting alone. She makes a living, vital person of a dance hall hostess who gives up a wealthy admirer for a poor man. The plot is the same as in Claudette Colbert's picture, "Honor Among Lovers." After Barbara has made many sacrifices for her worthless husband, he accuses her of unfaithfulness. Monroe Owsley makes the best of his unsympathetic rôle, and Ricardo Cortez has his moments as Barbara's wealthy admirer.



MAN OF THE WORLD
Rating: GREAT
Paramount

This is one of Bill Powell's best pictures and a gem of fashionable sophistication. A debonair gentleman, owner and publisher of a scandal sheet, preys upon society, to give its stories to the world. Then love comes along and the inevitable conflict between ideals. You'll like the way Bill solves it. Besides the star's outstanding performance, there are two other fine ones by Wynne Gibson and Carole Lombard. A gallant picture. Don't miss it.



THE PRODIGAL
Rating: GREAT
M-G-M

What a charming music-drama this is, packed with romance, humor, glorious singing and beauty! The "black sheep" son of a Southern family comes home to discover his smug brother has married a lovely girl and is making her bitterly unhappy. The prodigal sets out to help the girl and finds regeneration through love. Settings, performances and dialogue all contribute to the charm of this story. The music is incidental but delightful. Lawrence Tibbett is the star.



HONOR AMONG LOVERS
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

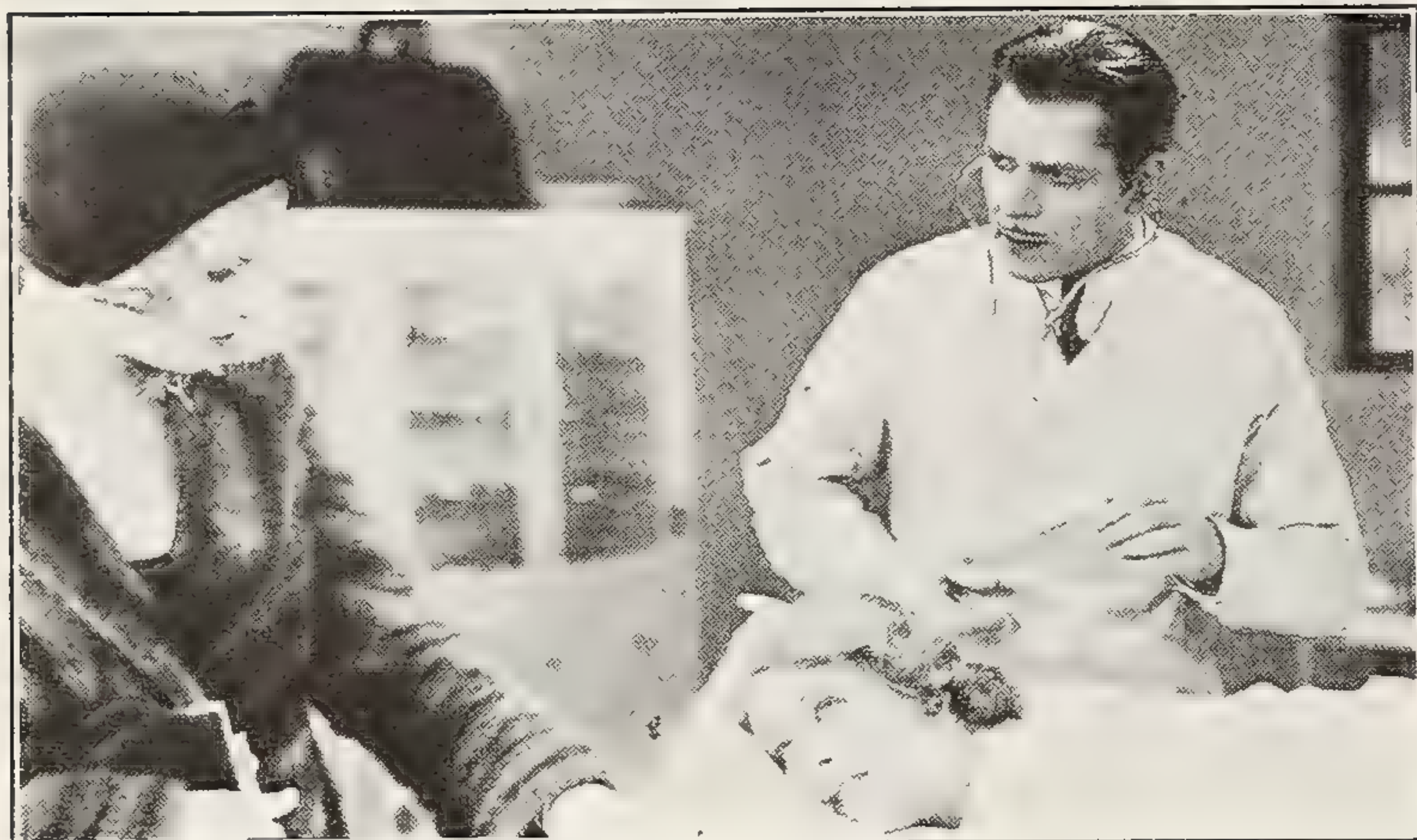
Beautifully staged, directed and acted, this just misses being first rate, chiefly because neither the hero nor heroine seem as nice as they should be. The story concerns a young business man, who loves his secretary, but won't marry her. The girl weds an adoring clerk, who tries to conquer Wall Street for her, and fails. Then the lover-employer comes back. Claudette Colbert and Fredric March do their best. Monroe Owsley, as usual, plays the weakling.



BACHELOR APARTMENT
Rating: FAIR
RKO

You know how it is with heartless philanderers when they meet the girl who resists their wiles? You know how they fall and fall until they begin offering wedding rings? That's the pattern of this one, but Lowell Sherman gives such a charming performance as the man who has women all over the place you forgive the triteness of the plot. The nice girl is Irene Dunne, and one of the loving and losing ladies is Mae Murray, who's just grand.

SILVER SCREEN'S



DOCTORS' WIVES

Rating: FAIR

Fox

Once upon a time there was a very handsome doctor, married to a charming little girl who ran away because she was jealous—and fell straight into love with another M.D. Comes the time when the husband must save the lover's life, which he does, and the girl-bride learns a great big lesson. A splendid cast has been wasted on this. Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett, Cecilia Loftus and Victor Varconi do their best.



UP FOR MURDER

Rating: FAIR

Universal

Lew Ayres is suffering again, this time as a young reporter, who is sent out to get a story and falls in love with a woman older than himself. He kills her lover and is sent up for murder. There is a nice honest realism in this picture, but the dialogue and the direction aren't up to standard. Lew acts with his usual intense sincerity and Genevieve Tobin gives a subtle performance as the woman. But Universal's finest star deserves better things.



THREE GIRLS LOST

Rating: FAIR

Fox

The adventures of three girls in Chicago make a nice story that hasn't been too well produced. The girls room together, but are very different types. One's a jazz baby, another a drab failure and the third just a regular girl who tries to mother them all. Naturally they get mixed up with love and the Chicago underworld. The girls are Loretta Young, Joan Marsh, who is excellent as the gold digger, and Joyce Compton. John Wayne plays hero.



THE SEAS BENEATH

Rating: GOOD

Fox

What an adventure story this is! It's a wartime romance—more romance than war, thank you—concerning the commander of an American submarine and the sister of a German U-Boat's commander. There is much spy and loyalty action and perfectly thrilling scenes of the battle at sea. The suspense keeps up to the very last shot. There's a slick cast with George O'Brien and Marion Lessing heading it. Youngsters will get a thrill.



DRACULA

Rating: GOOD

Universal

Look out for chills chasing up and down your spine! "Dracula" is loose! The human bat-like vampire. There are all sorts of weird noises, creaking doors and a general atmosphere of spookiness. It's rather gruesome—this story of a man who is dead by day but who lives on at night by fastening his lips on the throats of his victims and draining their blood. Bela Lugosi plays the title rôle well, and Helen Chandler is the terrified heroine.



JUNE MOON

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

This is no world beater by any means, but it contains a number of laughs, and makes a nice evening's entertainment. The Broadway hit has been adapted to Jack Oakie's personality. He plays the sap who comes to New York to be a great song writer. No, you're wrong, he doesn't make good. He falls for a vamp, but finally realizes that he loves the nice girl (Frances Dee), who goes back with him to Schenectady. The dialogue's amusing.

REVIEWING STAND



BAD SISTER
Rating: **GOOD**
Universal

Melodrama, comedy and love are all jumbled interestingly together in this small-town family story. It centers around a selfish, charming sister who tries not only to get her man, but all the men in sight. She doesn't even stop at forgery. The disaster she causes finally touches her better impulses, and she straightens affairs out in a dramatic manner. Conrad Nagel is the leading man and a newcomer, Sidney Fox, the bad girl.



CRACKED NUTS
Rating: **FAIR**
RKO

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey all involved in a mythical kingdom. Bert, trying to make a hit with his girl's aunt, buys a kingdom and starts a revolution. Bob, meanwhile, has won the kingdom in a crap game. The bomb meant to blow them both up unearths oil instead—and you can imagine the rest. Not as funny as it ought to be, though Bert and Bob work hard. The comedy cast also includes winsome Dorothy Lee.



RANGO
Rating: **GOOD**
Paramount

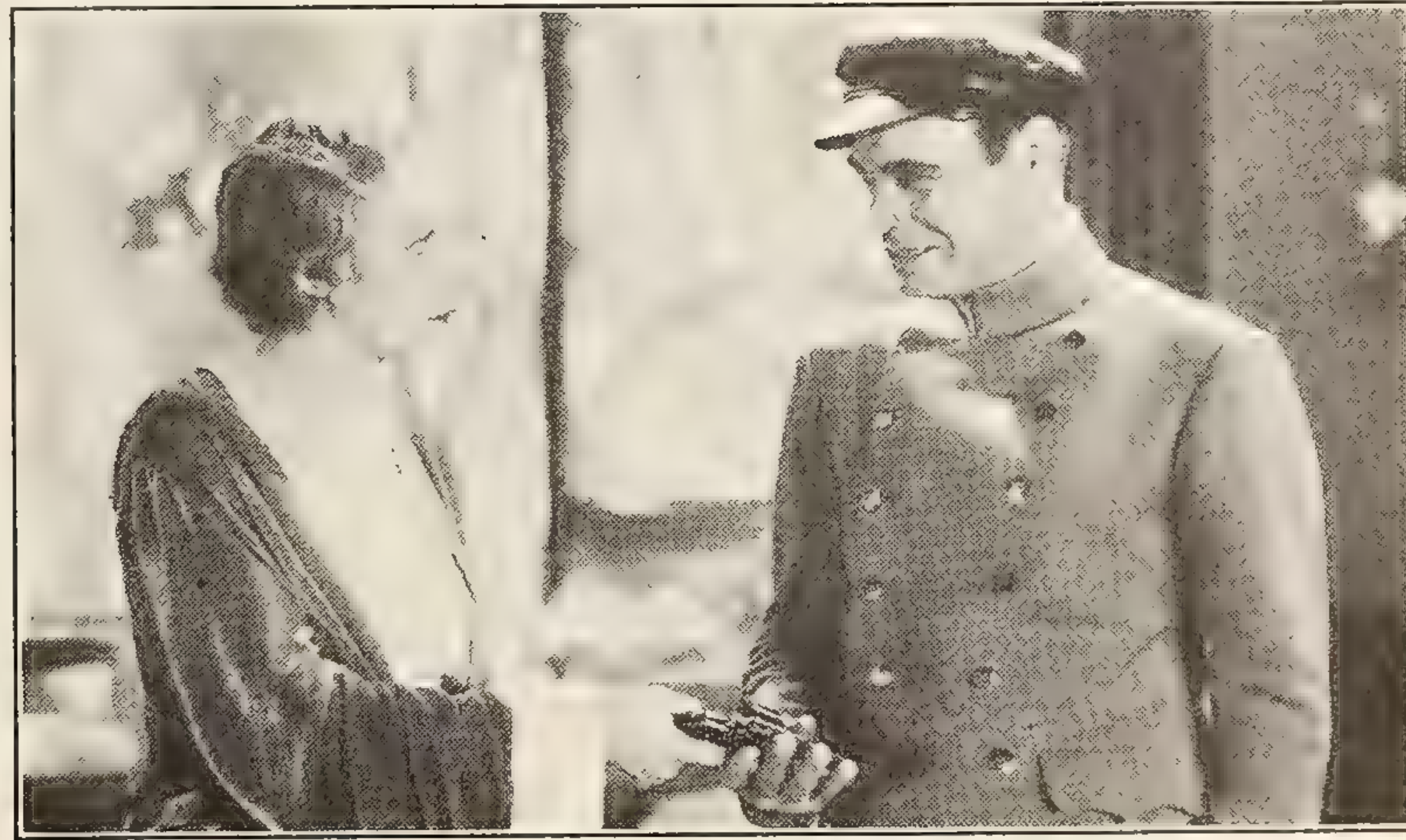
Laid in the jungles of Sumatra, this would deserve the rating "great" judged purely as an educational film. But the thin thread of the story is not enough to hold one's interest all the way through, and the picture is thrilling only in spots. The most lovable character is the baby ape, Rango, who is first kidnapped by humans as a lesson to his greedy dad, and who afterwards meets up with the deadliest peril of the jungle, the tiger.

for MAY 1931



GUN SMOKE
Rating: **GOOD**
Paramount

Here's something new—a Western with underworld gangsters instead of wild Indians as villains. This is out-and-out hokum, but thrilling entertainment just the same. Racketeers appear in a little Western town to lay low after an outburst of murderous gang war. They take the town by force, but underestimate the courage of the cowboys on the neighboring ranches. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, and William (Stage) Boyd head the cast.



THE SINGLE SIN
Rating: **POOR**
Tiffany

Kay Johnson's talents are wasted in this cheap drama of sin and regeneration. The production is bad; the photography worse. Kay is absolutely unconvincing as a drunken sinner who reforms, takes a job in an office and marries her employer without telling him of her past. Then from out of her past comes the menacing figure of a man who says he will tell everything unless she gives herself to him. Bert Lytell is fair in his part.



THE LADY REFUSES
Rating: **FAIR**
RKO

Slowness of action alone is responsible for this not quite making the grade of better pictures. It's an over-done plot, but good direction and excellent performances help it. The situation is that of a young woman of the streets hired to lure an Englishman's weak son from a "bad woman." She succeeds—and you can easily guess what happens after that. Betty Compson is quite vivid as the girl. Gilbert Emery and John Darrow are the men.

Their Most Vivid

Has the Kid Event You Remember Most Influenced Your Life as Much as The Big Moment of Their Childhood Has Guided These Movie Stars?



Jean Harlow, even as a baby, saw to it that she thrilled people into noticing her. The prize "shocker" of her kid days concerns a pony inside the home!

HERE'S a game you can try on your best friend, though I won't promise that he'll remain your best friend after you try it.

Ask him what incident he remembers most vividly from childhood. Not his earliest memory or his most pleasant or unpleasant one, but simply the most vivid one.

Here's the idea. If you recall any incident from childhood in sharp detail, you will in all likelihood be revealing some trait in your character which has dominated your life.

One incident vividly recalled may furnish the clue; but if you get the story of two or three incidents recalled from childhood, they will form themselves into a sort of pattern. Sometimes each incident will reveal a different trait of character; sometimes the same trait—good or bad—will crop up again and again.

Try the stunt on yourself and see if it isn't so. Then try it out on your friends or—if you prefer—enemies. Don't warn them beforehand that you're going to analyze

their personality on that basis. Forewarned is forearmed. If they know what you're doing, it's human nature for them to select the incidents that show their character in the most favorable light.

Fredric March was one of my first victims for this stunt.

His most vivid memory is of playing with other boys on the banks of Lake Michigan. "Pirates" was the game played most frequently. They would also gather on the bank to build little huts from waste lumber. They would tunnel out caves and go swimming on the inside of the breakwaters.

On the Michigan side of the lake the water gave land. On the Wisconsin side where the breakwaters ended, the waters swept into the bank, taking the land away. Nearby was a cemetery with its old-fashioned tombstones. Over these the waters swept, taking with them everything in their path.

It was with a sense of eerie fascination that the young lad playing on the banks saw coffins suspended in mid-air. The water had swept these away as it flooded the graves. For many years this was one of the most vivid memories Fredric March carried with him.

"Not because I was particularly morbid," he explains (though I suspect he was), "but because it is the sort of memory that lingers in a boy's mind, just as the graveyards and the cemeteries stand out vividly in *Tom Sawyer*."

Though this is Fredric's most vivid memory, another incident recalled from childhood gives a better clue to his character.

He was taking part in a snowslide in

Ginger Rogers may appear dumb—but it's only acting. Her little girlhood gave her a mind of her own



Memories

By

Sylvia Conrad

winter. He steered his sled down a steep decline when suddenly it veered off. Fred's ride ended when his head came in contact with a tree. He picked himself up all shaken and trembling. The sled was a total wreck and so was he. His head felt queer. He stumbled home unseeing.

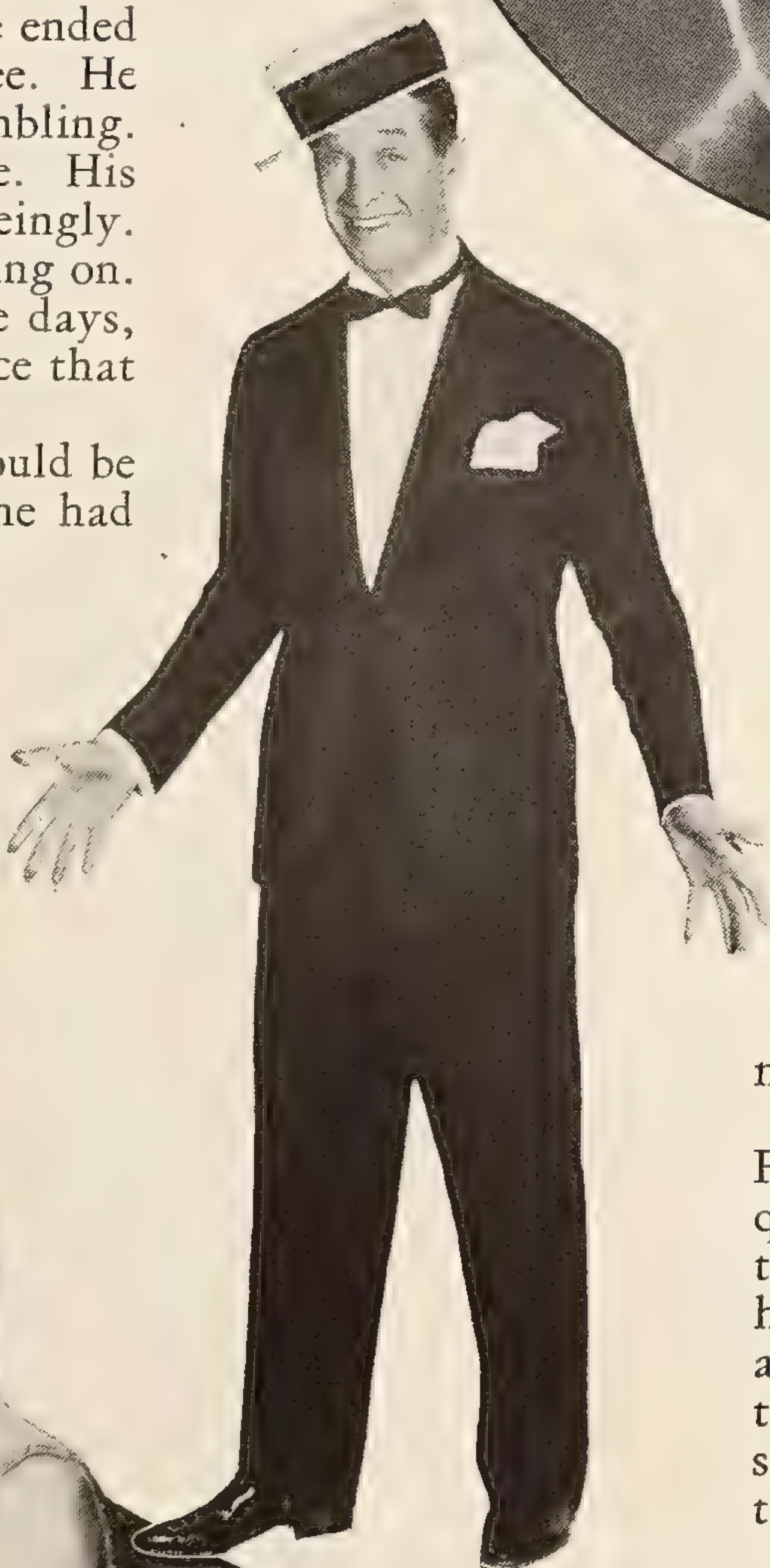
That night was one he had been counting on. Fredric went to dancing school in those days, and he had invited his best girl to a dance that evening.

He remembers being warned that it would be best for him to remain at home. But he had spent weeks of anxious planning for the dance. He made up his mind to see it through.

Half deliriously he dressed. He called on his best girl. At the party he felt dizzy and faint, but he had made up his mind not to quit.

The party began. He stumbled through the grand march, but it was

As a youngster, Claudette Colbert wanted people to sympathize with her. She still does



His memories prove that Fredric March hates a quitter and that nothing can stop him from getting the thing he wants

through an effort of heroics. Then he could stand no more. He recalls the sharp humiliation he experienced when he had to look for a boy who would take his best girl home.

"I felt like a warrior," he explained, "who has to quit in the midst of battle."

That, I think, is the clue to why Fredric March marches on. He hates a quitter. When once he puts his hand to the wheel, he carries on. He gets what he wants when he wants it because he's absolutely pig-headed about sticking to a thing he has once begun. Nothing can stop him except an act of God. And he'll try to defy even that.

Chevalier is now a rich man. He remembers principally his poverty-stricken youth

As Fredric March is ruled by determination and stick-to-it-iveness, so Claudette Colbert, who's a swell teaming mate with Freddie, is ruled by sympathy. That, at least, is what her most vividly recalled memories of childhood revealed. Sharply silhouetted in her mind is the remembrance of how grief-stricken she was when as a child of seven she saw her

mother and others who were near and dear to her upset by tidings of a war between France and Germany. Only a year before they had left their home in that bonnie country of her birth, and now their relatives in France would be called upon to serve in the war. Claudette did not even understand all this. She had never heard the word "war" before and did not know what it meant. But she wept because the shadow of it was enough to bring grief to those she loved.

And Claudette Colbert has always been like that, giving and desiring sympathy. When she was about fourteen or fifteen years old, she was hurt in

[Continued on page 64]



She Conquered Defeat

*Marjorie Rambeau Defies
Tradition and Stages a
Thrilling "Comeback"*

By Allan Jordan

MARJORIE RAMBEAU originally came from California to achieve fame on Broadway. There was scarcely an actress along the theatrical crossroads of New York who didn't shiver at the name of Rambeau. In those days they called her "The Yellow Peril." She literally skyrocketed to fame. She was like a flame, herself, then. Titian hair, a glorious voice, ability, beauty, a presence that was no less than electric. The gods had tumbled their gifts at her feet.

Marjorie Rambeau was well on the way toward becoming the greatest actress in America. Her future was assured and without limitations. Then she dropped from sight along the sparkling theatre marquees of Broadway. She went into vaudeville. She played in stock companies of the far West. Last year she entered motion pictures, not as a star, but merely as a featured woman in a cast. She is fighting to "come back." She is fighting bravely and not asking aid from anyone, and it looks as though she were going to win. But, what happened to Rambeau in the time that she was lost from sight? Why did a brilliant career, once a meteor across the sky, fall almost into oblivion?

You will never discover the answer to those questions from Marjorie Rambeau. She probably never for an instant has admitted to herself that her career

has suffered a decline. If she has, no one knows it. But theatrical gossip and headlines in newspapers tell the story of an actress who mistook the tinsel for the gold, and how she, herself, flung away her chances with a profligate hand. But Marjorie does not tell you that.

She is making a determined effort to "come back" now on the Hollywood motion picture stages. She gave a glorious performance in "Her Man." She gave a poignant portrayal of a waterfront woman in "Min and Bill" and of a hard-boiled gold digger in "The Easiest Way."

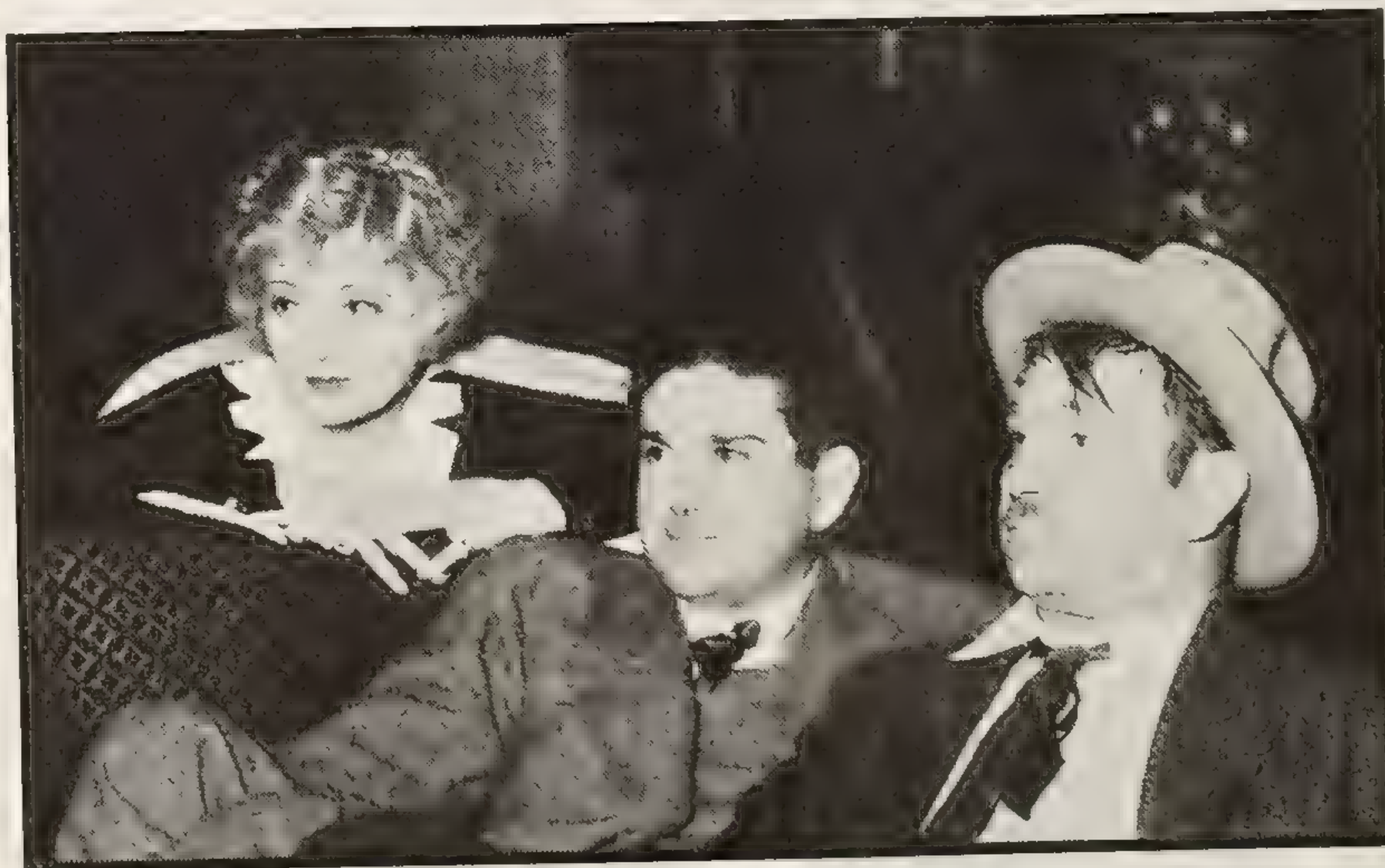
Marjorie Rambeau was born in San Francisco forty years ago of French and Irish parentage. It is a mixture of blood which is constantly at war, one with the other, but the French-Irish usually accomplish things in this world. Originally the name was Rambeaux, and Marjorie says

when she is rich she will resume the X. However, she doesn't think that time will ever come.

No woman in Hollywood, or on Broadway for that matter, has had a more thrilling life, crowded with drama from birth to the present day. At thirteen she was leading lady of a stock company in Portland. She played comedy, drama, and the classics. She even essayed the rôle of Camille, Dumas' tragic lady of the camillias.

"I certainly threw myself into the rôle,"

[Continued on page 62]



Two years ago she was a "has-been." Today Marjorie Rambeau is playing with Wallace Beery in "The Secret Six." That's Wally and Director George Hill posing with her in this camera shot

The Rogues' Gallery

These
Hollywood
Thieves
Steal All
the
Pictures



WALLACE BEERY

WALLACE BEERY has been stealing pictures ever since the old Sennett days. He and Marie Dressler being the worst thieves in Hollywood, M-G-M sentenced them to play together in a picture and told them to try to steal it from each other. The result was "Min. and Bill"—the decision, a draw

HURR



ANN HARDING

SHE stole from the stage to the screen. Hollywood didn't want to see her conquer the movies. She was an outsider, an invader. But she was star material. She made audiences laugh. She made them cry. She made "Holiday." She made "East Lynne." She stole people's hearts. And so now she is Hollywood's and Pathe's pet

DUNCAN



WATCH out! He's dangerous! For the past few years he's been stealing pictures right and left. He could be locked up for grand larceny just for what he did to Maurice Chevalier's picture, "The Playboy of Paris." As the sappy waiter he walked off with the show, and Chevalier grinned helplessly

S T U A R T
E R W I N



CLARK GABLE

ALTHOUGH Joan Crawford was marvelous in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Gable's performance as a hard-boiled gang leader was so remarkable that he ran away with the picture. He's young. He's new. He's grand. You'll be seeing him. His reward for being such a swell picture thief is a grand long-term contract with M-G-M

HURRELL



Another invitation lost ... all because of 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*. . . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't tell us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy

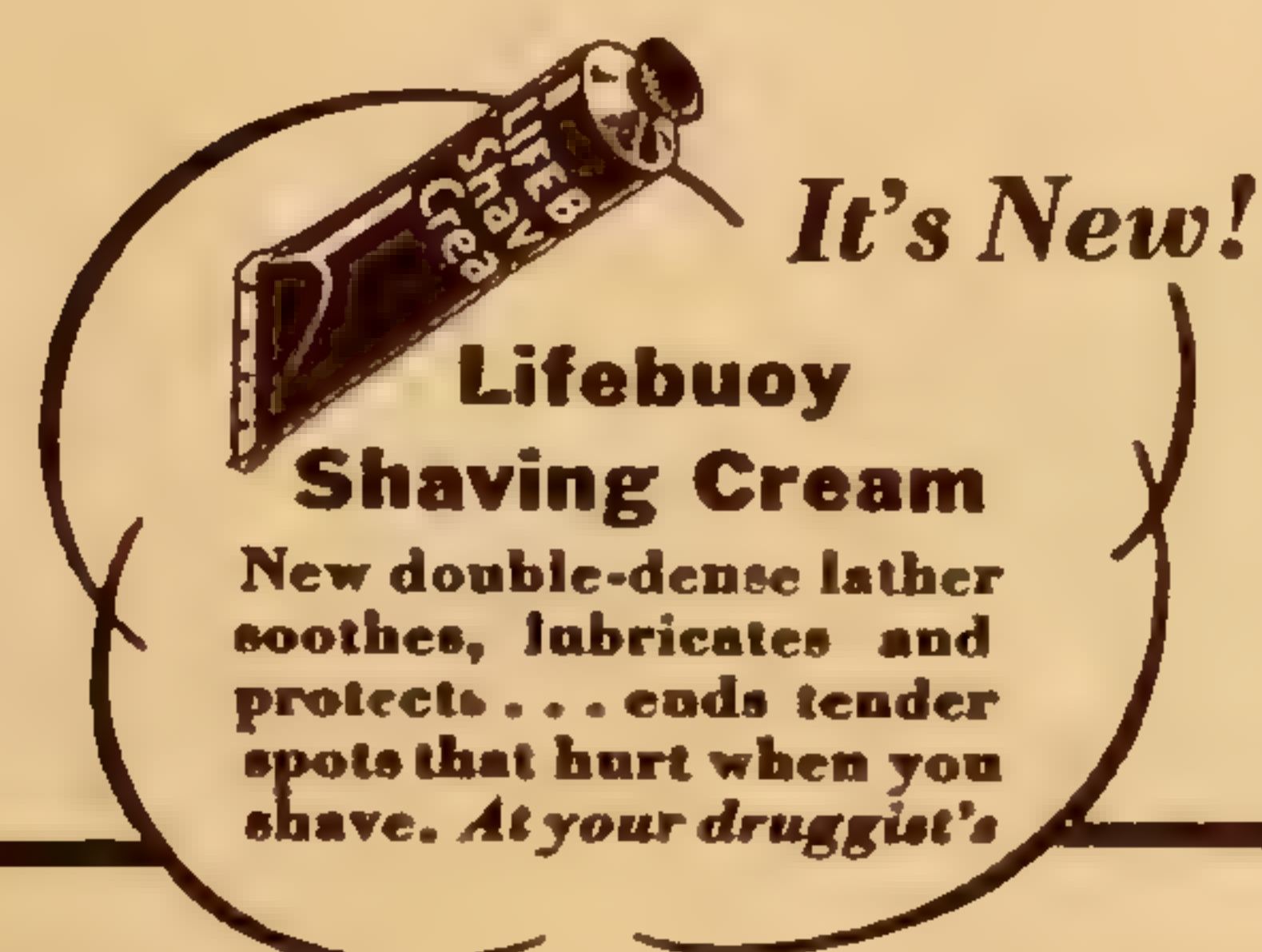
pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy *free*. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 525, Cambridge, Mass.



Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—



C A R M A N
B A R N E S

THIS eighteen year old girl went out to Hollywood as a writer and stole a star's contract. She first gained fame as the author of "School Girl." She had a six weeks' contract to write scenarios. Having crashed the gates, she made the most of it. You can read about her in the story on the opposite page

Hollywood's Newest Genius

*Here's the Low-down on that
Startling, Different Blonde
Discovery, Carman Barnes*

By Edward Churchill

FIFTY thousand extras have futilely attempted to crash the golden gates of Hollywood during the past five years. Carman Barnes, eighteen, has hit stardom in six weeks.

Carman came to Hollywood with a six weeks' contract to write original screen stories.

She landed at the Paramount-Publix West Coast Studios almost unheralded and started writing "Confessions of a Debutante." And then, before she had her typewriter uncovered, they found her a personality. Result, she has a five year contract, will be exploited and starred—even though she never has acted. She is Paramount's newest discovery.

Untold thousands have woven bright dreams into books only to see them grow cold in attic-stored trunks.

Carman Barnes has written two novels, both of them smashing successes.

Millions have sought, groped and hungered for that chimera labeled fame and have ended with empty hands.

Carman Barnes has had her fill at a time when, for most of us, life is just beginning. They call her a genius.

And yet she is normal, in spite of the abnormal situation in which she finds herself.

She admits it.

Because she is born of a poetess and an adventurer, one might be led to think otherwise. Because she has been a literary sensation, the belief is magnified. But she isn't. If you want to know how a genius acts, here it is.

Carman's practical.

She's sensible.

She has worked hard.

She has been in love.

She has been a good girl and has gotten her lessons.

She has been a bad girl and she has disobeyed her parents.

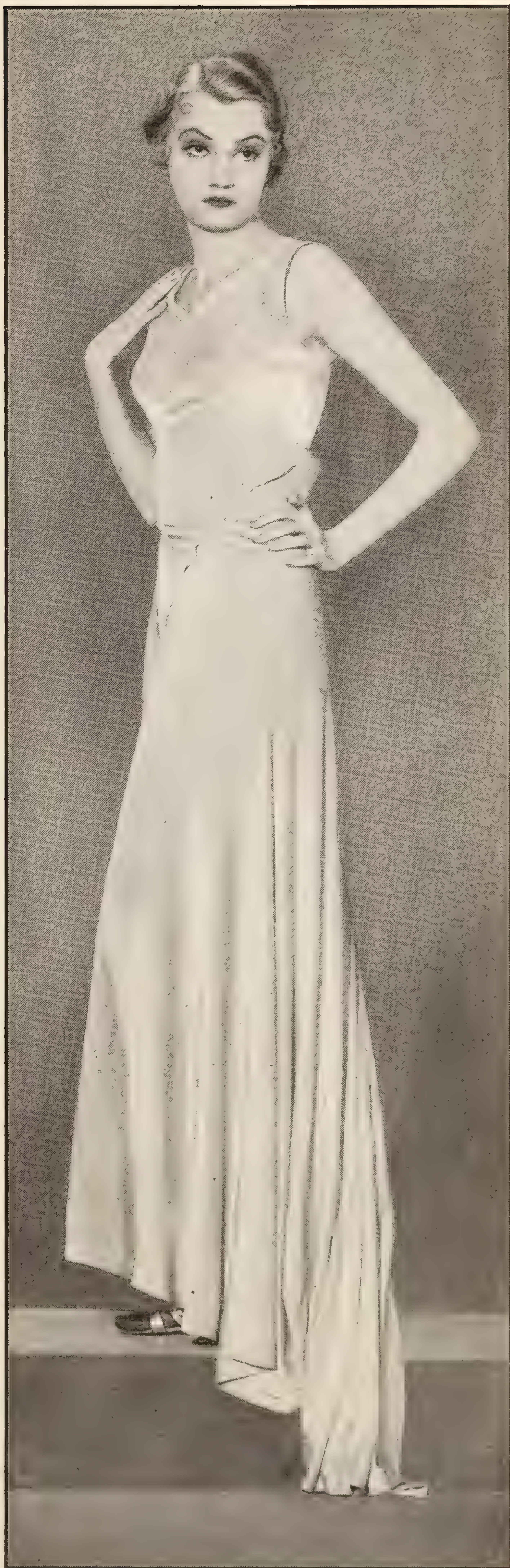
She's had measles, scarlet fever, chicken pox and croup.

She hates heavy underwear.

All very normal.

Carman Barnes has a beautiful home and a bank account.

Not only that. She has something [Continued on page 70]



She started chumming with Fame at fourteen. Now at eighteen Paramount is starring her. Carman says: "I've had the breaks. Fate has pushed me along and I hope it keeps on pushing. All I'm doing is following my nose"

TANGEE



*"Lips must
look natural"*

SAY AMERICA'S GREAT

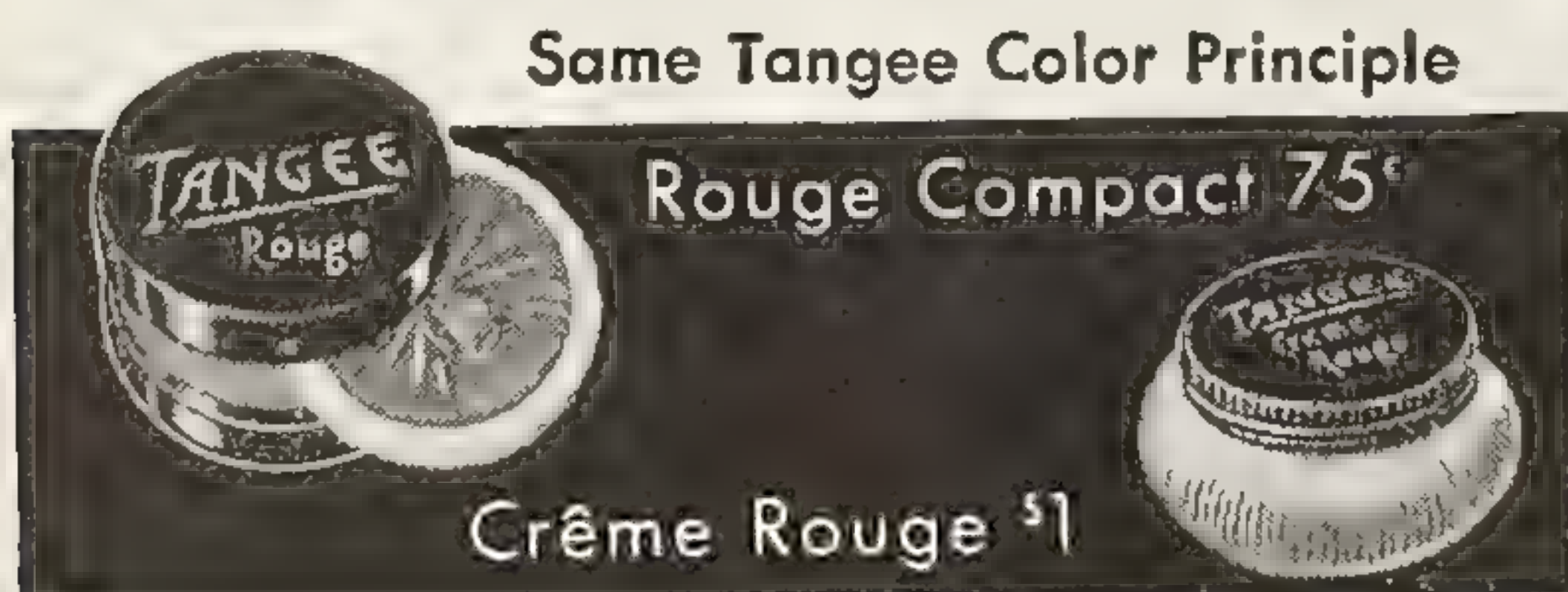
FASHION AUTHORITIES

VOGUE says: "All Paris is creating more natural appearing make-up. A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very *feminine, individual* mode. Avoid lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring."

HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. SS4

417 Fifth Avenue

New York

Name _____

Address _____

More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 43]

HAROLD LLOYD'S baby is doing well. Incidentally, he has received more fan mail than any other baby in the wide world. Mostly from mothers who've also had to take care of incubator babies.

John Gilbert has parted with the smart roadster so familiar to Hollywoodites. The star banished the machine for just that reason.

BILLY BAKEWELL is out to get Myron Selznick's scalp. Billy was dancing with Mary Pickford's cousin, Mrs. Verna Chalif, at the exclusive Embassy grill when a hot tallow candle thrown by Mr. Selznick, the players' agent, hit Mrs. Chalif square in the eye. Selznick says it was all just clean, innocent fun. But as he once caused a similar "accident" to happen to John Barrymore, thus ruining John's nice, clean profile for the moment, Hollywood is willing neither to forgive nor to forget.

Dolores Costello's comeback picture will be "Passionate Sonata."

WE RECENTLY reported the marriage of the screen love Boyds. And now we have to report the divorce of the stage Boyds. It was the blonde Boyd, Pathe-RKO player, who married Dorothy Sebastian. The dark Boyd, Paramount featured player, got his divorce from Clara Joel. And it's the dark Boyd whose apartment was recently raided for gambling apparatus. The newspapers, sad to say, got all mixed up and printed the picture of the wrong Mr. Boyd.

DUNCAN RENALDO, the romantic lead in "Trader Horn," is recovering from injuries suffered in an auto crash while on his way home from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. In the year he spent in the African wilds, Renaldo didn't receive a scratch.

Believe it or not—

Adolphe Menjou has worn the same dress suit four years!

AT LAST one man with courage has come to Hollywood. Or maybe it's just a publicity sense. He's Cecil Beaton, the British painter, who selected the most beautiful women in the movies. Here's his choice:

Marlene Dietrich: Because Michelangelo alone could duplicate her.

Norma Shearer: Because she is a lovely simple, country woman whom sophistication has not spoiled.

Greta Garbo: Because she is absolutely mad; and being absolutely mad, is therefore ethereal.

Lilyan Tashman: Because she is a Grecian goddess, deserving full marks for her nose and hips; she has one of the most divine forms in the world.

Marion Davies: Because she is the vitally alive type of young American girl.

Ina Claire: Because she is in reality a Marie Laurencin painting. She is a gorgeous almond, typifying the acme of gayety, laughter and youth.



Anita Page, one of the best dressed girls in movies, illustrated the smart glove style for summer. Gloves should not "fit" but be loose and wrinkled about the wrists. And to be chic, they should be dark with light dresses and light with dark ones

IT'S HARVEST time in Hollywood now. Connie Bennett started it by talking Warners' into paying her \$30,000 a week. Ruth Chatterton will get \$350,000 a year. Ann Harding, who was supposed to be the most contented woman in Hollywood, began to fret and worry when salaries skyrocketed upward and hers remained at a meagre \$1,200 a week. And so perhaps for the first time in her life she rebelled, and the result is that she is now getting about \$8,000 a week.

Al St. John, screen comedian, had just ten cents in his pocket when a judge asked him to pay \$60 back alimony—but he didn't go to jail this time, which was sort of a relief.

BUDDY ROGERS had a moustache for a short time, but the fans didn't like it, so he obligingly shaved it off. Just about the same time Fredric March returned from the West Indies with a heavy beard. Our troubles never end but they begin all over again.

And speaking of Buddy, he has been reduced from stardom to a featured player's position in his next picture "The Lawyer's Secret."

[Continued on page 81]

A wildly distraught playwright rushed backstage.

"Everything is ruined," he sobbed. "No one is paying any attention to my play. Everyone is watching all the Mrs. Macks."

From California Marjorie Rambeau swept through the Broadway theatrical streets. She was an electric presence. An audience "snapped to attention" when she came on the stage. One success followed another—"Kick-In," "Cheating Cheaters," "Eyes of Youth," "The Goldfish," "Antonia," and many others.

There was no limit to her ambition. She was known in the east and in the west. She played all through the central states during the coldest winter on record. She put on boots and waded to the theatre through piled snow drifts, and she endured the cold of thirty below zero.

But the whispering chorus had started to work. They said that Rambeau was not taking her career seriously—that she was riding for a fall. There were too many parties, and wine flowed too freely. Too many managers were taking her to task.

Finally the climax came. Marjorie Rambeau was opening in a new play on Broadway. She collapsed on the stage. The curtain was rung down.

Marjorie explains it by saying that she was seized with appendicitis, and that the next day she went to the hospital. Perhaps. Theatrical gossip attributed her collapse to a very different reason.

Her career went into the descendency. It wasn't helped by sensational stories in the press of a nation. She was mentioned in a divorce case, in an alienation of affection suit. It finally became obvious that Rambeau was through as a Broadway star.

She came back to California where a friendly audience always awaited her. California is loyal to its own favorites. Her pretext for leaving Broadway was that a wave of "smutty" plays had engulfed the stage. She had never appeared in that sort of thing, and she would never do it.

It takes a brave woman, rather than a foolish one, to refuse to admit defeat. But Marjorie Rambeau did not even admit the possibility of defeat.

No one can complain of her behavior on the camera coast. She is at the studio as early as the gateman. She works long hours without complaining. She has always taken what came her way, in plays and rôles, and given them the benefit of her performance. Then came her break in talkies and the rebirth of a great artist.

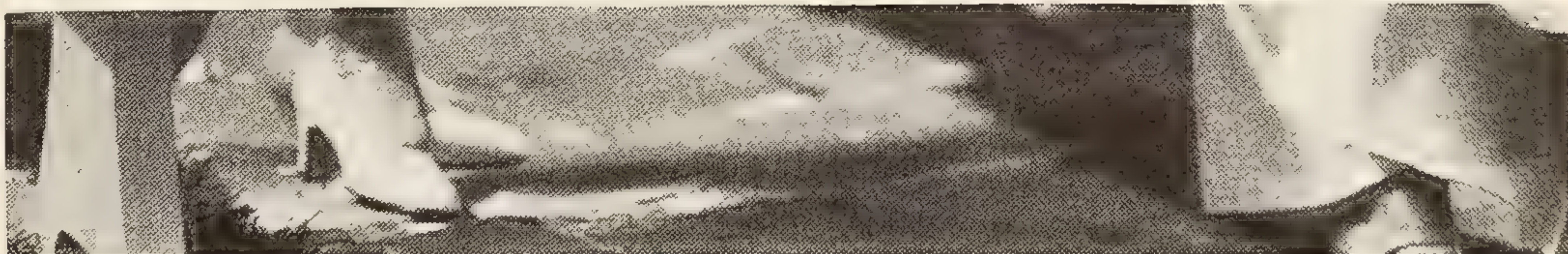
Hollywood destroys many people, but it has given Marjorie Rambeau a new life and a new point of view.

"I like to be out here," she said. "It's all new to me, but I am working with people I have known for years. I sometimes wonder, when I walk across a studio lot, how on earth they can cast a play in New York. It's an entirely different kind of life for me. Do you know there were years and years when I scarcely saw sunlight? Now I wake up early in the morning, and it is wonderful to breathe the air of a California morning."

About Marjorie Rambeau there clings the air of a more glamorous age in the theatre. She is a great personage, and you don't forget it. She is still an electric personality, and she has not forgotten how to win people.



You feel at ease for Kotex is shaped to fit



Then, too, Kotex absorbs
scientifically, giving more
secure protection.

WHEN you realize how individual a problem sanitary protection is, you appreciate the fact that Kotex is so made that you can adjust it to your changing needs.

That, of course, is only one of the advantages of Kotex. It is shaped to fit inconspicuously under any frock, no matter how close-fitting. It is treated to deodorize—keeps one feeling dainty at times when that is more than ever necessary. It is soft—not only at first, but during hours of use.

Why Kotex stays soft

Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture—is so amazingly efficient that 85% of our great hospitals now use it for all kinds of surgical dressings.

Kotex owes its unique dependability and comfort to the fact that it absorbs laterally, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite its amazing efficiency, leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation.

Kotex can be worn on either side. It will serve with equal efficiency, with no possibility of embarrassment. Adjust it (you can, you see, because of the layer construction) to meet changing requirements. Dispose of it quickly, easily. Buy it anywhere. Simply specify Kotex.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
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- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

You and Your Man

Every smart woman knows that the things that attract one man, drive away another. Whether you are trying to win a man — or trying to hold the love of the man you have already won — you must use the allurements that appeal to *him* — and him alone.

Science tells us that certain perfumes appeal to certain types of men. If your sweetheart is gay and carefree, you should use the kind of perfume that *his* temperament craves. If he is sober and thoughtful, he responds to an entirely different kind of perfume. There is no surer way to charm the man you love than to use the particular perfume that *he* cannot resist.

Check on the personality chart below the qualities of your sweetheart, your husband or your dream man and we will compound a perfume to appeal to his particular personality. Only the queens and princesses of history, with the aid of their private chemists have been able to apply this secret of science to the art of love.

Send only \$1.00 for a generous flacon of the perfume your sweetheart would choose.

Margo De Vere, Personality Perfumer, SS-5
Register-Tribune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

I enclose \$1.00 for which send me postage prepaid a flacon of the particular perfume harmonizing with the qualities checked.

☐ Gay ☐ Carefree ☐ Serious ☐ Thoughtful
☐ Timid ☐ Shy ☐ Impulsive ☐ Cheerful
☐ Moody ☐ Romantic ☐ Cold ☐ Passionate

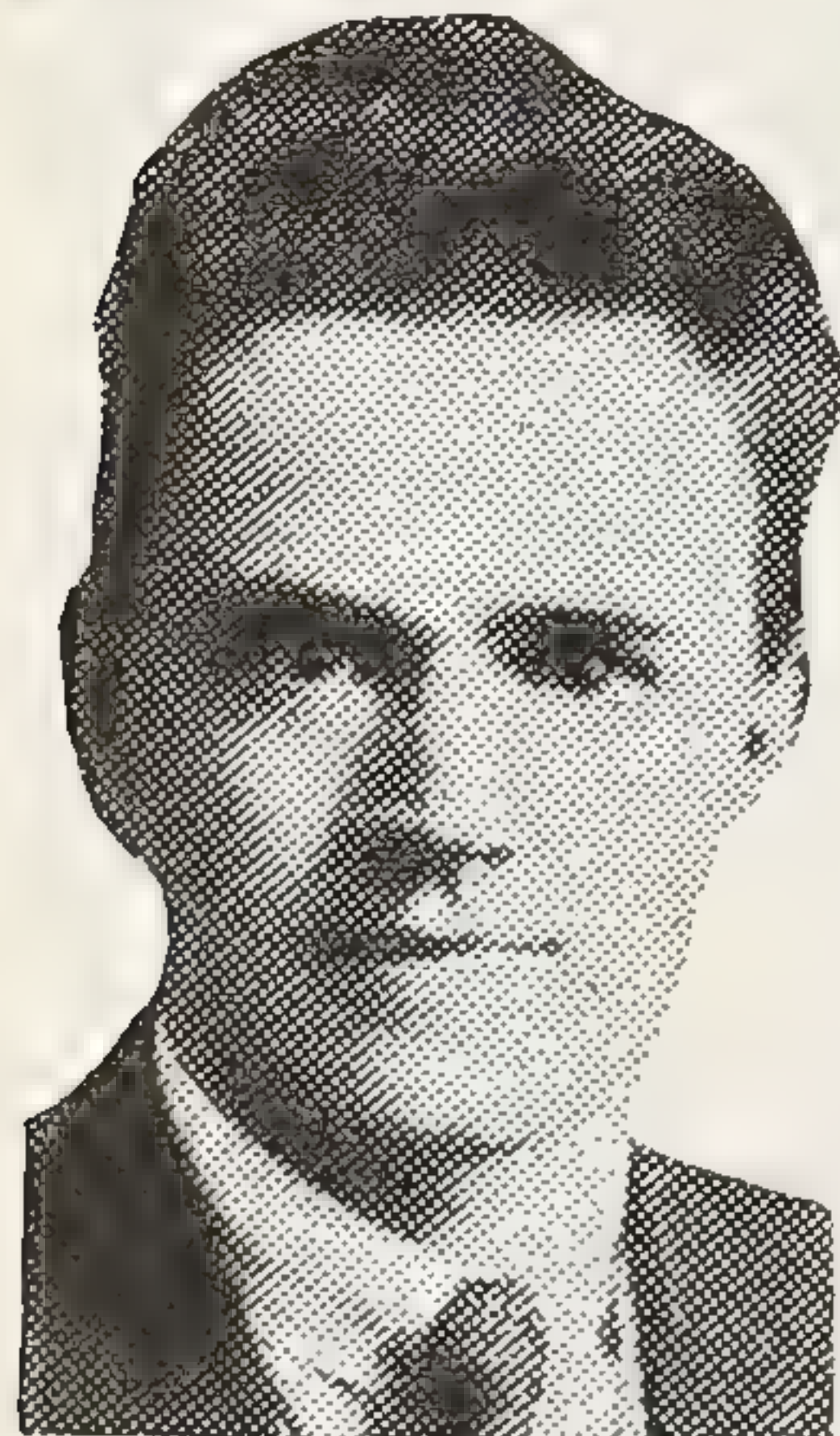
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My Name.....

Address.....
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Read His Letter for the Answer



"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

This statement by H. A. Wild is but one of many which voluntarily attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where the roots were alive, after using Kotalko and Kotalko Soap.

Hair roots that remain in the scalp long after the surface hairs are lost, may regain their original power

through proper encouragement. The process of hair growth depends on the nourishment the hair roots receive. Are yours getting all they need?

Women also report new hair growth. Many testimonials from men and women whose health obviously aided the hair roots into producing abundant hair, after using Kotalko and Kotalko Soap.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko and Kotalko Soap to stimulate them into growing new hair?

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere. Or you may write for sample to Kotalko Company, A-609, Station O, New York.

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Studio 316A
New York City



Their Most Vivid Memories

[Continued from page 49]

an automobile accident. After the first week of pain she felt gay and happy because all her friends and relatives came to sympathize with her. Sympathy was almost as dear to her as the breath of life.

After she could walk again she limped a little. She noticed people on the street looking at her, and instead of wincing under their pity, she cherished the "sweet looks" they gave her. She even limped on the street longer than was necessary, when she was able to walk up the stairs without a limp. (But on the street she would be seen and people would feel sorry for her.)

While she limped she had to wear high shoes, and pumps were the fashion. One day she decided that she really must wear pumps. That day she ceased limping and bought a pair of brown pumps with high heels. But it was with regret that she sacrificed the sympathy that went with the limp.

Even today she works best when she is directed with kindness and not with harshness. Perhaps that is why she enjoys working with Ernst Lubitsch, who is directing Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in "The Smiling Lieutenant."

While Chevalier's screen personality is very pronounced, it is difficult to get at the real person behind that famous knockout grin. Chevalier, I believe, is one of the world's sad young men. He looks upon his life as a succession of hard knocks, one simply cancelling the other. With his grand sense of humor he undoubtedly sees the funny side of life, but it is rather significant that when he thinks back to his early life, the incidents he remembers are incidents of poverty and misery and of a fate which played cruel pranks.

He remembers vividly certain incidents from his life as a small-time artist in a small town in France. He lived in bitter poverty then.

His home was many miles distant from the station to which he had to go on his way to the theatre. But no matter what the weather, he had to walk the entire distance. He could not afford a cab.

ONE day the ground was piled high with snow. It was storming bitterly. Maurice Chevalier was due at the theatre. Lugging a huge bag containing his changes of costume, he had gone on foot four miles to the station.

Suddenly he remembered having left something at home—something trivial but tragically important to an actor—a comb. If he had not been so poor, he could have stopped at the nearest store and bought one.

But because of his poverty, he had to walk back the four miles in the raging storm to find the "leettle thing" that he had forgotten.

At another time when he was thirteen, a boy who was older than he, thinking that it was an amusing prank to play on a youngster, persuaded Maurice to drink eight glasses of rum one after the other. The boy had never touched liquor before. He was due for a performance at the theatre. He staggered in dead drunk and fell on the floor. The show went on. Maurice

lay there dead to the world. The next day he was dismissed, he who was so bitterly poor.

I think the reason the incident rankles so in Maurice Chevalier's memory is because of the irony and the injustice of it—he who had never taken a drink to lose the job to which he clung so pitifully, because an older boy had chosen to have his fun at the lad's expense.

DOES Maurice Chevalier contribute to the gayety of nations because he finds fun and laughter to make up for the misery that he sees below the surface? He smiles his famous grin, but when he looks back upon his life, it is not with a smile but with a shudder.

Not all our comedians, of course, are smiling through their tears. There is adorable little Ginger Rogers, that cute little "Cigarette me" girl in "Young Man of Manhattan," the dumb bunny in "Honor Among Lovers." If her heart is breaking, she manages to conceal it awfully well. Hers is the lilting, carefree laughter of youth.

She remembers little incidents like this. Riding all by herself on a train taking her from New York to Kansas City, where her grandmother would take care of Ginger during her mother's war work with the Marine Corps. Ginger was only about seven years old at the time and rejoiced in her few hours of independence and self-reliance. She has been beautifully cared for all her life, but still she is a self-reliant little body. Her mother has seen to that. Since Ginger was two years old she has let her pick all her own clothing in order that Ginger might develop her own personality. If Ginger nodded her head and said "I like that" of any little velvet coat or pair of shoes, they were bought for her, whether her mother approved of Ginger's choice or not. As a result, Ginger, though she's sweet and pliant, has a mind of her own.

Helen Twelvetrees remembers how when she was a small girl she wanted to look like the boy on the next block. She had long blonde hair which her mother used to twine over her fingers, until Helen's hair fell in lovely curls. The boy Helen was fond of also had blonde hair, but it was short. Helen worshipped him because he could ride a bicycle and climb trees. In order to pattern herself as much after her hero as possible, she snipped off her curls. Yet today she is one of our most feminine stars.

THEN there is Jean Harlow, who has been accused of exhibitionism. When she was a young girl her father gave her a saddle horse. Her mother was at that time entertaining seventy-five guests at her country estate. Jean wanted them all to see her pony. She ushered it in through the door and led it up the stairs. The women all shrieked, but Jean never turned a hair. She had shown them her pony, and sufficient unto the day was the joy thereof. That is still pretty much Jean's attitude.

What do you make of it all? Try these on your next party.

The Girl Who Loved Laughter

[Continued from page 19]

in the "Call of the Flesh"—her last picture—discover her secret and send her home.

Renee had one friend, however, who was not so blind as the others. When Dorothy Sebastian learned of Renee's illness, she rushed her to a sanitarium near Hollywood.

But Renee didn't like sanitariums. People died there. Right in this very one, Mabel Normand had passed on only a few months before, and if Death were still lurking in its corners, it wouldn't find Renee waiting.

Within two weeks, she was back in Hollywood, her light shining brightly—and the crowd once more gathering about her.

The old trouble started all over again, and physicians refused to attend so wilful a patient any longer. Six months in Arizona would be the only way to save her.

Dorothy Sebastian didn't have the money for so lengthy a cure. She wired Marion Davies, who was in New York at the time. Marion sent instructions to her attorney and her physician.

After a month in Prescott, Renee again harkened to the call. She had gained some weight. She felt better. Why not a party?

Renee donned her clothes and returned to Hollywood—for one more union with the crowd.

A day or two later, a nurse took Renee back to Prescott—and to bed. Once each week now, that same nurse helps her to her feet long enough to see what the scales say. When she weighs enough, she may return to Hollywood, but it will take eight months or more of extra good behavior, and a year's quiet life after that.

Renee only smiles—and sends word back to Hollywood that she will give them another party within the month!

Exercises for Reducing

[Continued from page 6]

the fingers still folded into a fist. Alternate, raising the left leg and the right arm. Do this vigorously twelve times. Rest and repeat four times in groups of twelve.

Fourth. The elbow twist for reducing fatty chests. Sit erect, hands on the shoulders. Circle your bended arms around and around ten times. Rest and repeat ten times.

These four little exercises will take you about fifteen minutes if you do them properly, but they will amaze you with their beneficial results. Don't expect results in a week. It took you longer than that to get overweight, remember.

Lack of space forbids my giving you more exercises here, but if after learning these, you want new ones, won't you write me? I'll be glad to send them to you personally.

Goodby. See you next month.



"Absorbent ... to remove dangerous dirt"

That's why Jean Harlow insists on
Kleenex to remove cold cream

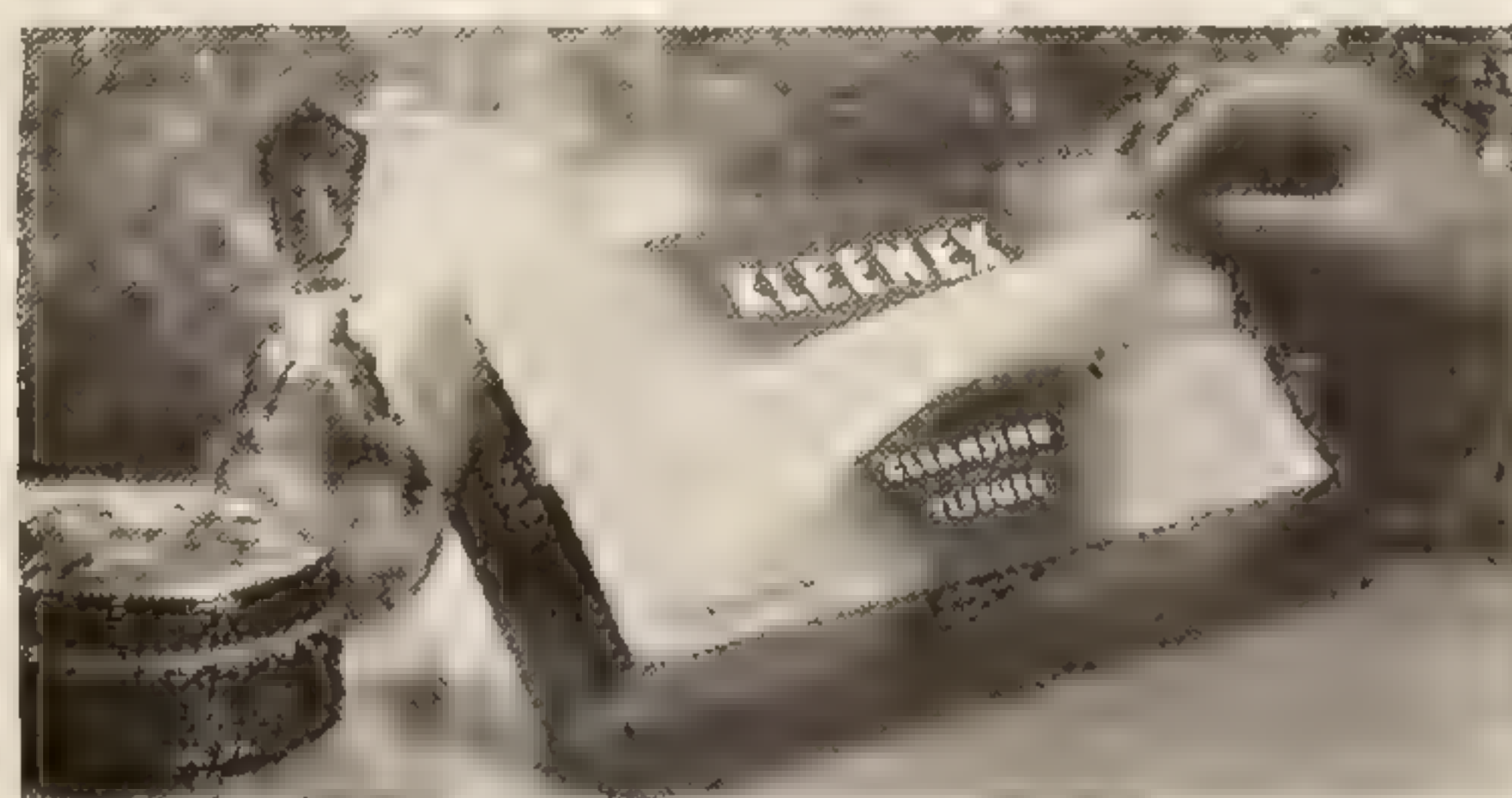
She made one of the most rapid climbs to stardom in all Hollywood's amazing history! Read her beauty advice to you.

JEAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

"Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman's dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often under-emphasize the importance of strict cleanliness.

"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up . . . methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues.



Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as white.

"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

Towels unabsorbent

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

This is the dirt Miss Harlow refers to. It's the dirt Kleenex absorbs so quickly. Kleenex blots up cleansing cream, and every particle of grime comes, too. Every invisible fleck of powder. Kleenex is so powerfully absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary.

For handkerchiefs

Kleenex is rapidly supplanting handkerchiefs for use during colds. It prevents self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in packages at 25c, 50c and \$1. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

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Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

Name _____
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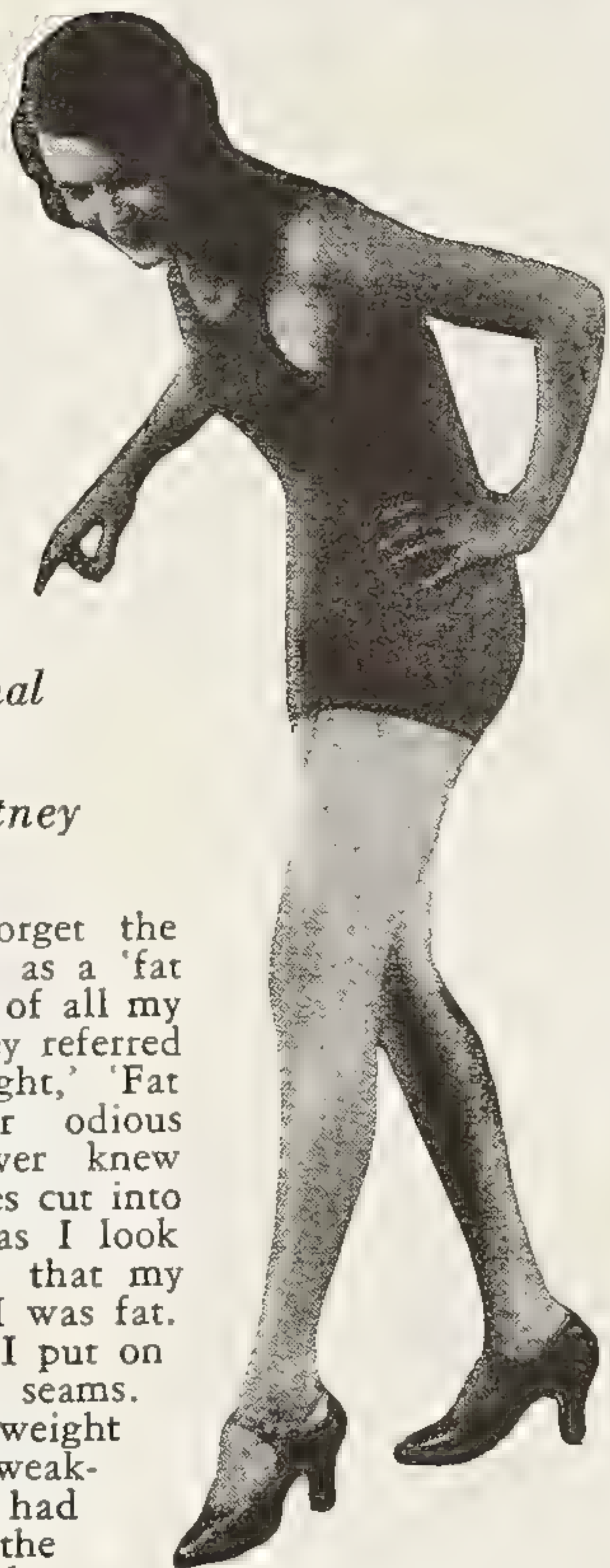
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City _____
In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

They Used to Call

Me "FAT EMMA"

The Personal
Story of
Emma Courtney



"I will never forget the unhappy days when as a 'fat girl' I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as 'heavyweight,' 'Fat Emma' and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right, I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for 'fatties.'"

"I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do."

"Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living."

Simply write to Miss Kellermann for her new book, "The Body Beautiful," and you will be told, without obligation, all about her methods of reduction in a sane, sensible, beneficial way—the way that will increase your vitality and your strength, as it did Miss Courtney's. Send the coupon today. Address Annette Kellermann, Suite 925, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 925
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight-Reducing.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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TEN CENTS

on the tenth of Each
Month

Watch for the June issue
May 10th

Everybody's Father Confessor

[Continued from page 25]

They seem to recognize in him a deep sympathy, a wisdom and knowledge of the sadness and intricacy of life, that has come to him from wide experience. Lewis doesn't believe he is that sort of man at all.

And here is one of the most amazing jokes of fate that has ever come to light, in this town of jokes and fate called Hollywood! *The fans are right. Lewis is wrong. The fans know him better than he knows himself.*

Once he was on a train going to New York. A pretty girl kept walking up and down the aisle, past his seat. Out of the corner of his eye Lew noticed her, but he thought nothing of it. Finally the girl slipped into the seat beside him. She did not have the faintest idea who he was—that was the funny part of it. And yet her first words were: "You look like the one person in the world who can give me the advice I need. My parents won't let me marry the boy I love. What shall I do? Wait, the way they want me to? Or run away and live with him, whether he marries me or not?" Now, the point is just this. If Lewis Stone were the happy-go-lucky, slightly hard-boiled personality he thinks he is, he would have replied, "What difference does it make? Do what you please. What's it to me?"

Did he say that? He did not. He spent three hours talking to the girl—soberly, wisely, kindly—giving her the same advice that he would have given to a daughter of his own.

The incident might be multiplied by a hundred; and still Lew himself doesn't catch on. He is one of the best-loved persons in Hollywood. Why does he imagine he is asked to so many parties? Because he always knows, so effortlessly, the right things to say and do? Because he wears his scrupulously tailored dinner-jacket with such an air of distinction? Well, that may be part of it. For there are those in Hollywood—believe it or not—who know a gentleman of standing when they see one. A New Englander born and bred, from a wealthy manufacturing family, coming as a boy into contact with the dual polish of Boston and New York, Lew had advantages from the start which many other Hollywood folk missed. (You have probably read elsewhere that he went on the stage by pure accident. A theatrical agent

mistook him for an actor one day, though he had hardly been inside a theatre in his life, and offered him a job. Lewis took the part for the fun of it; and once he started acting, producers refused to let him stop.) But the fact that he is a polished gentleman is not by any means the whole reason for his popularity. Out here in Hollywood, meeting Lewis at occasional parties, at the Embassy, or at the Brown Derby for lunch, we all love him for just the same reason that you do. Because, from somewhere deep inside him, from some recess of his inner being so deeply buried that he himself is unaware of it, there shines out a radiant glow. A glow of rich kindness, of sympathy, of compassion. His quality of *savoir faire* only adds to it.

Most of the letters that come to him ask about problems of love and marriage. Lewis has been married only twice, yet people choose him for these soul-revealing questions, rather than any one of several players that have glided through the marital mill half a dozen times. Lewis Stone has done a lot of thinking about the serious side of this life of ours. That is what has carved the deep lines in his face. That is part of his glow.

"There are fewer divorces in Europe, because of their caste system, and the single-church influence," he says. "They plan their marriages, over there. Here we decide we're in love and plunge into marriage without waiting to find out if the emotion we're experiencing is really love, or merely a passing infatuation."

"But when you come right down to it, even with all the foresight in the world, marriage is still a gamble. There are more chances to it than there are colors in the rainbow. Two people, often almost total strangers, promise to try to get along with each other. Well, there's only one solution for a situation like that. Mutual tolerance. Mutual compromise. Love has no place for pettiness or selfishness. We must be prepared to give, give, give—and never ask for our back pay. In one way or another, the reward will come of its own accord. It won't come if we think about it."

And this is the secret of Lewis Stone, which everyone but Lewis Stone has known for a long, long time. He gives!

To him that giveth, shall be given—



They don't make the nation's laws but they dowitz its tunes. New-comers to Hollywood are George Gershwin (at the piano) and his brother, Ira, and Guy Bolton. Ira and Guy write the words and George the music

A Gentleman of Contrasts

[Continued from page 38]

more interested in Ruth's career than he is in his own.

Ruth has recently been the subject of more conversation than any woman in Hollywood. Her sudden switch from Paramount to Warner Brothers raised a veritable tempest in the Hollywood teacup.

Ralph was right in the thick of the battle, advising, and talking with Ruth. It never seemed to occur to him that he might jeopardize his own standing with the powers that be. But if it had occurred to him, he would not have acted otherwise.

For there are things that are dearer to him than his career. The success of his wife. The things that make life worth living for him, the things that are in his blood—love of the outdoors, for instance.

Ralph has "stalled" off more than one good rôle to go on a hunting trip. He takes a sleeping bag, sufficient camping equipment and packs in, far into the high Sierra countries. He shoots mountain lions, and occasionally, even a rattler.

He has a trophy, mounted and hanging in the gun room, of the noisy end of a rattlesnake. He shot the snake between his horse's front feet. The snake was coiled to strike. The horse was prepared to die. Ralph was more efficient than both of them.

In that gun room there is a big cabinet full of all sorts of firearms, and another case of fishing tackle.

"Sometimes, I think," he confessed, "I would like to have a ranch back in those mountains. It is the paradise of the hunter. I want to live in America always. I want to live in California."

Incidentally, Ralph is as great a booster for the Golden State as the most rabid native son. He has never been back to England since he came over with the English stage play "Havoc"; and met, wooed and won Ruth Chatterton in five days. But he is still an English citizen.

"A good many people have asked me why I don't take out American citizenship papers," he said. "They say it will make the income tax easier—always that it will make something easier for me. I don't wish to become a citizen of this country merely because from a mercenary standpoint it seems advisable. I want it to mean something far greater than that."

America does seem very close to him. It has since childhood. His mother, the beautiful Mary Forbes of the stage and screen, has crossed the Atlantic many, many times. While Ralph was in school in England, his mother was touring America.

The boy with the blue eyes and the face of the English society hero is a "different" sort of person. He knows how to get the best out of life.

He is a man of contrasts.

And, this should be told, too. He is much better looking off than on the screen—even when he looks as well as he does in "Beau Ideal" and "The Bachelor Father," which happen to be his latest pictures.

YOU can have hair as lovely as this*



*Laura La Plante, radiant film star, appearing in the Pathe' feature, "Lonely Wives".

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inexpensively**

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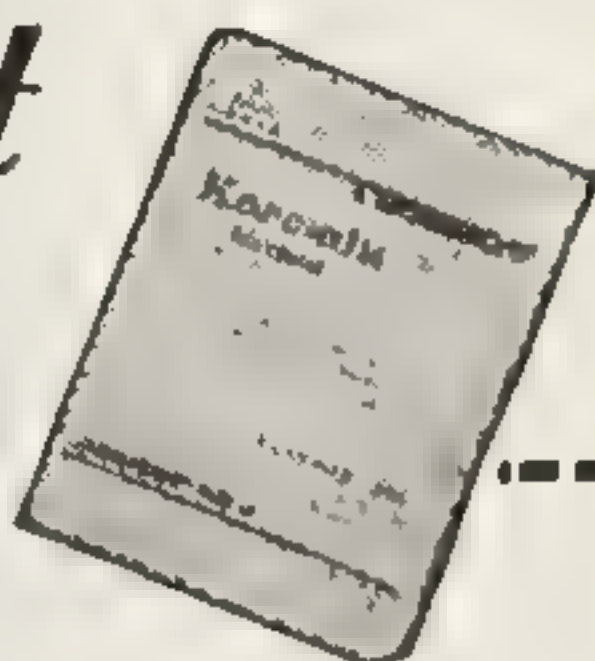
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511

How Hollywood Lovers Propose

[Continued from page 41]

he would go to a nearby airport to look over the planes and occasionally go for a ride. Mary Deper happened to be at the airport at the same time on several occasions. They met again in Hollywood later when the cowboy star was making pictures. Incidentally, he proposed while they were up in the air over the film city one afternoon. "I won't land until you promise to be my wife!" laughed Ken. He now owns his own plane and the two are always air-vagabonding somewhere when he is not working.

Lydell Peck proposed to Janet Gaynor by wire from Oakland to the Fox studio in Hollywood. "I love you!" he said. Then he followed it up with another wire saying: "Will you marry me, sweetheart?" And then before Janet had time to wire a reply, he got her on long distance phone and received his "yes." He fell in love with the petite Fox star while sitting in a theatre in Oakland looking at her in "Seventh Heaven."

According to stories, Jimmie Fidler, Hollywood's best-liked publicity man, simply overwhelmed Dorothy Lee. Every day and night, after he met her, Jimmie sent a message, either by mail or telegraph. He sent flowers and gifts. There were night telegrams telling her good-night and morning telegrams telling her good-morning! Despite all this, they decided to part company. They had become very fond of each other and realized that they were falling in love. But at that time Dorothy thought she loved someone else and Jimmie was one of the colony's staunchest bachelors—not much interested in marriage. So they decided to separate before it was too late. Came the day before the parting and the two were driving down Hollywood Boulevard. Jimmie said to Dorothy: "I'll go down to the beach house tonight and get my swimming togs and move them to the club." The beach house was the scene of their Saturday and Sunday fun, where Dorothy, her mother and her cousin spent the week-end. Jimmie generally spent Saturday and Sunday with them.

Dorothy said nothing in answer to Jim's last remark. Her silence caused him to look at her. She didn't seem to be relishing the idea of parting. He didn't like it himself and said suddenly: "Gee, aren't we silly! Here we've been having the most fun of our lives and we're breaking it up. Are we being foolish or wise?"

And between them they agreed it was very, very foolish, because the idea of separating had proved to them that they loved each other. It was Jimmie who suddenly shouted in "Midge's" ear: "Let's get married, Midge! Let's announce our engagement right away!" And Dorothy shouted right back: "Yes, let's do, dear!"

The rest of the story is short. Jimmie turned around and drove Dorothy home. He kissed her at the door and jumped into his car and drove to a jewelry store. There he purchased the ring. But he didn't give it to her that day. He saved it until the following Sunday, when Sue Carol, a guest at the beach home, announced to the others present that Dorothy had said "yes" to Jimmie. And less than a month after that, they were married.

Lucille Webster Gleason had just a little two word proposal from Jim Gleason: "Let's marry!" It was a whirlwind affair. The minute they were introduced they were in love. As they were both under age, their mothers arranged the marriage. Theirs is the rather unusual case of not a bit of parental opposition on either side.

This is how they happened to meet.

Lucille Webster, then a little girl with long curls, had accompanied her folks on a trip to Oakland, where they happened to stop at the hotel-home of the Gleasons. Gleason, the elder, saw the girl with long curls one day and asked her if she would like to join their company, as they were in need of an ingenue. Lucille, who had never had a bit of stage training, said "Sure!" as though she were accepting someone's kind invitation to have an ice cream cone.

"From the moment I joined the company, all I heard was about their son, Jim. He wasn't home at the time, having run off to join the army. He was stationed in the Philippines, after successfully managing to look older than he really was.

"I heard so much about him that I decided beforehand I should probably not like him at all!" laughed Lucille. "But when he came home, I forgot all about my pre-arranged prejudice."

The two mothers accompanied their children to the Oakland marriage license bureau and arranged the preliminaries for their marriage. They went to Portland on their honeymoon and both found a chance to enter a stock company there. They later toured all over the country, finally landing in Hollywood, where they now make their home with their only son, Russell.

Robert Armstrong was playing in "Is Zat So?" in New York when he received a little note of congratulation from a girl who had just seen the comedy and liked Bob's work particularly.

"Not a fan letter!" she insists today when they reminisce on the incident which first brought them together. The letter had such a note of sincerity that Bob telephoned and asked if he might meet her. They met. They discovered that both liked sports. They swam. They played tennis. They drove together when a matinee was over. They played golf. When the

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company went to London, Bob wired to New York. It was a proposal. "I LOVE YOU. WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?" it read. Jeanne Kent answered by taking the next boat to England! They were married in London, with a brief honeymoon in Paris. Mrs. Armstrong saw so many performances of "Is Zat So?" that she soon knew all the lines and was given a part in the cast. Since coming to Hollywood to live—with Bob in pictures and Jeanne appearing frequently in stage productions—they have been looked upon as one of the colony's happiest and best-mated couples.

Edward Hillman, Jr., of Chicago, learned that old proverbs can be mistaken. One in particular—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—he learned is all wrong! Eddie loved Marian Nixon and wooed her with a vengeance. His ardor won her over and she began to care for him in a "big way." Before he proposed, he was called back to Chicago on business. During his absence, a popular young director met Marian and liked her. They went around together and became quite fond of each other. In fact, the director proposed, and Marian, thinking Eddie had forgotten her, accepted the director's ring and the engagement was announced. Marian felt, however, that she should inform Hillman of what she had done, so she telephoned him to break the news. It was like a thunderbolt to him, he now admits. But Marian says he took it like a good sport and asked her to offer the other man his congratulations.

Twenty-four hours later Hillman arrived in Hollywood. After talking to Marian he had taken an aeroplane West. Boarding a taxi at the flying field, he was whisked to Marian's front door. "Oh, honey, why didn't you wait for me?" he exclaimed. "You know I dearly love you! If you really love this other man, I wish you all the happiness in the world, but if you aren't sure, oh, darling, won't you reconsider and marry me?"

Eddie must have been a good salesman or probably it was Eddie that Marian loved all the time. Anyway, that day she and Hillman became engaged; the other engagement was broken, and a wedding date set. It is common knowledge in Hollywood today that Marian and Eddie are one extremely happy couple—and that Ed doesn't go on distance trips alone.

Joan Crawford was the first girl that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seriously "fell" for. All Hollywood knew they liked each other awfully well—and so, all Hollywood just sat back and waited. Finally, young Doug decided to do the proposing act. However, Doug in those days was very shy and when the exquisite Joan bobbed up before him, well, all his good intentions were dashed to the ground—he simply COULD NOT utter that proposal! That night Joan's 'phone rang out lustily. "Er-er-a-ahem" came Doug's voice over the wire. "Yes, Dodo," answered Joan, "what is it you want?" "Oh, er-could you-would you-er-ah!" "Why, Dodo, what on earth are you trying to say?" laughed Joan. There was a pause. Then, Doug's voice stammered forth: "Darling Joan, will you marry me?" "Sure I will!" shouted Joan. And for weeks and weeks after that, both of them seemed to be walking on air. And from what one gathers, they are today still walking on air and practically growing wings.

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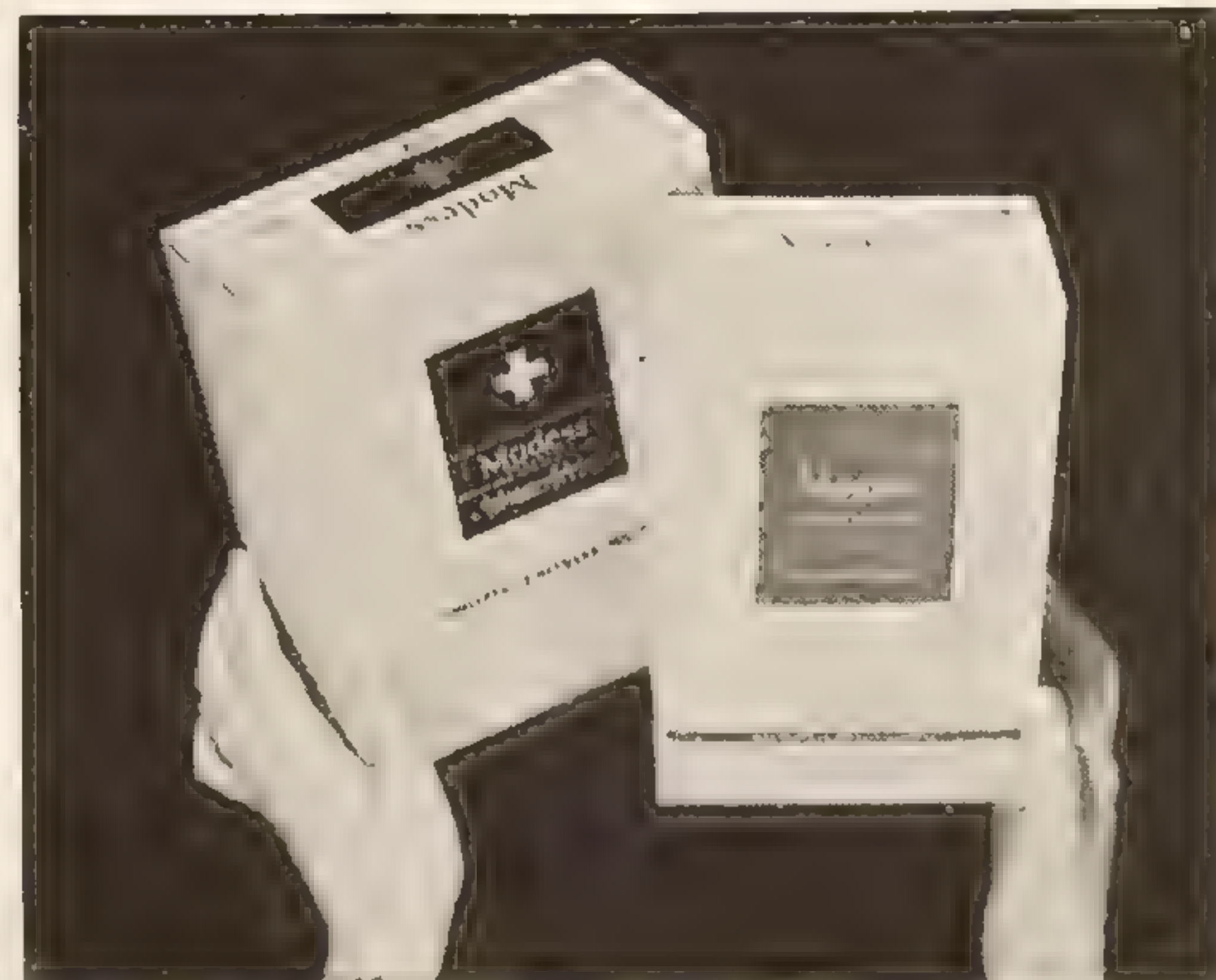
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*Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

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Hollywood's Newest Genius

[Continued from page 59]

which the fifty thousand extras, the authors who didn't click and the millions who failed, didn't have. She has a mysterious quality which isn't "It." It's exotic, transparent and fascinating. Describe it? Well, it's like a vagrant tune from far away or a delicate perfume.

We'd better mark it down as "X." Anyway, it's there.

It's there because B. P. Schulberg, shrewd judge of box office values, and other executives felt it.

In addition to this "X," she has corn-colored hair, almond-shaped eyes which have a dark luminescence, delicately tinted skin and a Swansonesque nose. She also has a slim young body which takes clothes well.

Plus a sense of humor.

She'll play a leading rôle in her own story.

She isn't worried and she isn't excited.

"I'll win, lose or break even," she predicts. "I hope I'll make good as a star. If I don't, I like to write and I've always wanted to see Europe—"

All of which proves that she hasn't started stretching her hat bands.

Of her talents and of her success perhaps you say:

"Miraculous!"

"No, indeed," confesses Carman.

Carman believes firmly that her mother, noted as a poetess under the name of Dinantha Wells throughout the South, and with a dozen other talents, and her father, pioneer and adventurer who died five years ago, contributed much to her being.

"Added to whatever equipment I might have inherited were circumstances which almost thrust writing on me and a keen desire to create and to work," she told me.

"As a child, I was getting into scrapes constantly. If I played in the rain, I'd catch cold. If I didn't take care of myself, I'd get all sorts of childish diseases.

"The result was that I was home a great deal of the time with my elders and I was what you would call 'old for my age' as a result. I read a great deal, and then started writing."

While Carman admits receiving good marks in history and in English, which she liked, she confesses that she can't add a column of figures to save herself.

"I'm only bright along certain lines," is her candid admission.

Other "certain lines" besides writing include painting, sculpture and music.

Carman was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. She was educated at Girls' Preparatory School there. Three years ago, her mother moved to Nashville and she attended Ward Belmont. In spite of her frequent illnesses, she succeeded in being graduated just after her seventeenth birthday.

Two years ago, she was a school girl. A year ago, she was an author living in New York City.

Now she's the toast of Hollywood.

Motion picture scouts "discovered" her shortly after an adaptation of her book, "School Girl," opened on Broadway.

SHE collaborated in writing the stage version.

"I can't tell you how I started writing," she told me. "I think I was about nine years old when I first started putting words on paper. At fourteen, I had completed two short stories, one about a couple divorced because the husband couldn't drink the wife's coffee.

"They were terrible. I didn't know anything about divorce.

"I decided that I'd better write about something and somebody I understood. I began studying my schoolmates and writing about them. Then I clicked."

Carman doesn't get up in the middle of the night and jot down inspirations. She doesn't sigh and think heavily. She affects



Here are the two who made "Strangers May Kiss" the thrill-film it is. Of course, you recognize Norma Shearer, star, and George Fitzmaurice, director. Doesn't Norma look more beautiful than ever?

no peculiarities of dress, action or thought.

"I write a specified number of words a day," she explained. "Sometimes I get tremendously interested and write more."

"You say you write about things you understand," I suggested. "You write of love—"

"I've been in love," she replied. "It's all over now, however."

This sounded interesting. I know it *was* interesting. But that's as far as I got with it. Carman doesn't like to talk about it. She won't say when, she won't say who, she won't say why, and she won't say where.

"We were very much in love," she confessed. "We were too young to marry. We called it a day."

"All over?"

"All over."

We changed the subject.

"What about this acting business?" I asked.

"I've never had any experience. I appeared in school plays, but that wasn't acting. I like the idea of acting."

"However, there are some things about it which I don't like. It hurts to have my eyebrows plucked, and if my teeth have to be straightened, I'm going to stick to writing."

You'd like Carman's engaging frankness about these things. She doesn't talk of cars and yachts and parties, and she doesn't boast. She's quite human enough to admit of faults, physical and mental. This characteristic goes to make up that interesting thing labeled "X."

Carman and I met in her dressing room. This didn't annoy her at all. She went right on with the business of makeup and hairdress. She is quite as much at home in a dressing room as in a parlor.

Another one for "X."

My conversation with her revealed that while she is not donning a cloak of egotism, she, on the other hand, is not a bit in the fog about what has happened to her, what is happening to her and what will happen to her.

She realizes there is nothing permanent about success, fame, money in the bank, promises and Hollywood.

"I've had the breaks," she told me. "I hope I'll keep on having them. Fate has pushed me along and I hope it keeps on pushing. All I'm doing is following my nose."

Now, in closing, a few scattered facts. She likes swimming, horseback riding and dancing. Her mother is her business manager. She is an only child. She was born November 20, 1912. She likes the people she has met here in Hollywood.

She thinks that she will marry and that writing will "lighten her domesticity."

And this name, Carman. So great was the rush on the part of Paramount to tell the world of their "discovery" they spelled it "Carmen," quite exotic. But she wasn't christened in tribute to the flaming Spaniard.

Actually, Carman's great-grandmother was married three times. Carman was the name of her third husband. Carman's parents liked it.

Anything else?

Oh, yes.

When Carman talks her eyebrows move—sort of wiggle.

"X"—it.



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The Real Joan Crawford

[Continued from page 21]

nasty to me, they would quickly conclude that he beat me in the privacy of our boudoir. An illusion is destroyed. And so, as much as we love being together, we don't think it's wise."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. are getting terribly fed up with all the sentimental slosh that has been written about them. "It's more gooey than a hot fudge marshmallow sundae!" explained Douglas as he planted a kiss on Joan's ready lips.

With such a complaint ringing in my ears, how can I tell you of their sublime happiness! They are "Romeo and Juliet"—"Pelleas and Melisande"—"Heloise and Abelard" rolled into one.

Joan's love for Douglas is her whole existence. He speaks French fluently. She is learning. He loves music. She attends all the concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. He writes but is appallingly lazy. She puts the pad and pencil in his lap and eggs him on. He likes potatoes au gratin. She hasn't tasted potatoes in five years but she includes them on her dinner menu every night. He wants to travel. It wears her out but she would climb the Himalayas if she thought it would make him happy.

Because of this genuine happiness; it hurts them terribly whenever some idle gossip-hound starts circulating the rumor that they are no longer *That Way*. On June 3, 1931 they will celebrate their second wedding anniversary. On June 3, 1981, you are all invited to their golden one.

While I am on the subject of rumors, I might just as well spike a few others that seem to have gone the rounds over the teacups. Despite all reports to the contrary, Joan is on very friendly terms with both young Doug's mother and father. Accompanied by her doting husband, she spends most of her week-ends at Pickfair where her beauty and charm are a great social asset. Doug, Sr. admires her immensely. Beth Whiting, young Doug's mother, adores her.

And another thing. She only talks "pig latin" when she has something very special to say (such as telling Douglas how much she loves him) or when she is reminding him to tip the waiter.

She usually calls him "Douglas"—"Dodo" occasionally—"Doug" never. Her favorite nickname for everyone else she likes is "sweet."

She once weighed 150 pounds. Now her figure is the answer to a modern maiden's prayer. She exists on plain salads, draughts of coffee and innumerable cigarettes. Once at her own dinner party, I saw her eat strawberry ice cream but it might have been a mirage.

She is not extravagant about clothes, though she boasts a voluminous wardrobe.

Recently, I accompanied her on a shopping expedition. She bought quickly, but conservatively, with a keen understanding of values. Negligees are her pet extravagance. And she can't say "no" to anything in blue.

Everything that her eyes see, her hands can make. All of the curtains and hooked rugs in her Brentwood Heights home were sewed by her agile fingers.

Her home is run by a competent staff of servants, but she supervises every detail herself. It is of Spanish architecture, furnished in early American style. She and Douglas now have their hearts set on an old English manse, so "El Dodo" is up for sale while they scout around for a site to build on.

Joan is rabid about antiques. A hobby she shares with Billy Haines. She also adores lettuce with thousand island dressing, vermillion snails of abnormal length, reading aloud, daily massage, changing the color and style of her hair, Johnny Weaver's poems, green onions, and "Dodo."

She hates tall buildings, doctors, being alone in the dark, fast driving, and speaking over the radio.

She has a strong maternal instinct. Someday, she is going to take sabbatical leave and have another Douglas. In the meantime, she mothers every stray child and animal in sight. She loves dolls and all sorts of toys and has such an enormous collection that it requires a specially built-in sun porch to house them.

She is hyper-sensitive and consequently easily depressed. When she is in this mood, her tears spill forth like a gushing Niagara. She claims that she is very shy and self-conscious but I have never seen any evidences of it. On the contrary, I have always been struck by her complete poise.

She doesn't like or play the social racket, although she and Douglas are on every hostess's list in Hollywood. Occasionally, they can be seen dining together in a small group at the Hotel Roosevelt or Embassy Club. When they entertain, it is usually in the privacy of their own home. Ann Harding and Jessica Barthelmess are Joan's closest friends.

She is always impressed by people who have accomplished things and is open in her admiration of them.

She is scrupulously thoughtful—the kind that never forgets a birthday or a letter of condolence. And generous to a fault. She would give you the shirt off her back if she wore one.

And, oh yes, her one complaint is that no one ever gives her correct age. It's March 23rd, 1908.

P. S. She hasn't any complaints!

IS GARBO SUFFERING?

NOW it can be told—why Garbo lives alone; why she does not go to parties; why she has become practically a hermit and a child of the sun. And it is told in the June issue of SILVER SCREEN. An inside story on Hollywood's Most Fascinating Figure

That Darned Fool, Bakewell

[Continued from page 20]

This rôle attracted attention—it was his first.

But, in spite of his rapid rise, there were temporary setbacks. He was very proud of the part in "On With the Show," opposite Sally O'Neill. It wasn't much of a part, but he was in the picture, and he worked hard. He "emoted" all over the place. Came the preview. He had played his part not wisely and TOO well, and had been eliminated in the cutting room.

"That night almost blotted me out of pictures forever," Billy told me. "I can chuckle about it now, but it was more tragic than any part I've ever played on the screen." But he kept going.

"Confidence in myself was a marvelous support," he continued. "Looking back on the days when I was just one of the mob, I can realize just how much naive faith I had in myself.

"Millions think that acting in motion pictures is easy. It is one of the hardest businesses in the world, and no one knows it any better than I do."

Billy must have had more than a naive faith in himself, however. He has just completed a sensational part in "Day-break," with Ramon Novarro. Prior to this, he was outstanding in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and in "Dance, Fools, Dance." His greatest achievement, however, has just been scored.

He has been chosen to play the leading rôle opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "The Registered Woman." He was so much in demand that one producer borrowed him from another.

Billy figuratively beats a straight, even path right through Hollywood. He is one of the younger generation who have left high schools and colleges to fight their way into success in motion pictures.

His bank account is growing; he is being sought out.

He has plenty of time in which to take advantage of opportunities which won't help him as far as his career is concerned.

But he isn't taking that primrose high-way.

There are girl friends and parties and dances, but the only things under his table are feet. He doesn't smoke.

He grew up in military school and he has an excellent carriage. Tennis, swimming, and a workout daily under a special trainer keep him as straight as an arrow.

He is an only child and he lives with his mother in a quiet section of Hollywood.

I asked Billy whether he got any satisfaction, these days, out of the chagrin of his friends over the fact that he has been stepping right along in his quest for fame.

"Don't you ever have a little fun kidding them?" I asked.

He smiled. "I *would* get a lot of fun out of kidding them, if I could," he replied. "There is only one trouble, however—Whenever I see the ones who scoffed, they say, 'You've proved my judgment, Billy. I always knew you'd make good.'"

Too bad they didn't notice the jaw on that darned fool, Bakewell.

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Millionaires of the Movies

[Continued from page 37]

120-acre ranch is a real show place and his string of polo horses are the finest in the land.

Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Marian Nixon, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Bennett and Betty Compson are all rated as millionaires. Jackie Coogan, also. He made his million before he was nine years old! He still has it and probably a good deal more, too. Tom Mix is worth a million and a goodly part is in diamonds. He has huge diamonds in rings and scarf pins. He has diamond-studded belts and a magnificent wrist-watch set into an eleven carat diamond. In case any ambitious young burglar should happen to see this, I hasten to add that he keeps them in a strong box at the bank.

Close to being millionaires, if not quite in that class, are Corinne Griffith, Laura La Plante, Bebe Daniels, and Noah Beery. Noah is said to have at least \$900,000. His famous "Trout Club," way up in the mountains beyond Los Angeles, to which scores of stars journey in the summertime, is alone valued at \$750,000!

too. He pocketed \$75,000 for "The Rogue Song," and it is said he will receive \$100,000 for each of his next several pictures. When all this comes to him and is added to what he has already made in opera, another extremely rich star's name will be placed on the rapidly growing list.

Runners up in wealth already number such players as Charles Rogers, Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll, Irene Rich, William Powell, Maurice Chevalier, Robert Montgomery, Bessie Love, Anita Page, Lowell Sherman and Clara Bow. The present fortunes of these celebrities, all of whom are working and saving steadily, run all the way from \$75,000 to \$250,000.

Clara Bow has a trust fund into which every pay day goes exactly one half of her check. This fund is reputed to be in excess of \$100,000. She has her home, too, which is worth about half this sum, besides her drawing account of several thousands at the bank.

Now we come to those who lost out in the January, 1930, stock market debacle. Before that great crash, most of them enjoyed fairly huge fortunes. Al Jolson was,

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Approximate Fortunes of Some of Hollywood's Richest Stars

Harold Lloyd.....	\$12,000,000	Jackie Coogan.....	1,000,000
Charles Chaplin.....	7,000,000	Tom Mix.....	1,000,000
Mary Pickford.....	5,000,000	Noah Beery.....	900,000
Douglas Fairbanks.....	4,000,000	Corinne Griffith.....	850,000
Ruth Roland.....	4,000,000	Laura La Plante.....	800,000
Will Rogers.....	3,000,000	Bebe Daniels.....	750,000
Marion Davies.....	2,500,000	William S. Hart.....	750,000
Norma Talmadge.....	2,000,000	Norma Shearer.....	750,000
Marian Nixon.....	2,000,000	H. B. Warner.....	500,000
Colleen Moore.....	1,750,000	Lois Moran.....	400,000
Richard Barthelmess.....	1,000,000	Sue Carol.....	250,000
Constance Bennett.....	1,000,000	Estelle Taylor.....	250,000
Betty Compson.....	1,000,000	Virginia Valli.....	250,000

Those who may be termed the "newly rich" include Ann Harding, Garbo, Chatterton, Novarro, John Boles, Helen Twelvetrees, George O'Brien, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. While none of these have as yet "salted away" their first million, it is safe to say that they are well on the road to financial independence. Lois Moran, Estelle Taylor and Lawrence Tibbett might be classed in this category, too. Lois Moran, with the help of her mother, has had for the past few years a steady stream of gold flowing her way. While others were losing heavily in the stock market crash, Lois was "cleaning up" a quarter of a million! She even went so far as to make \$10,500 for her personal maid! Lois, with this money, plus the money she's made in pictures and the \$60,000 left by her a relative, is undoubtedly one of the wealthiest of the younger players.

Estelle Taylor has, due to clever investments, her own private fortune of a quarter of a million safely laid away. As Mrs. Jack Dempsey, she is, of course, rated high up in the millionaire class.

Lawrence Tibbett is coming along nicely,

without a doubt, the heaviest loser, having more than half a million swept away. Richard Dix was probably the next heaviest loser. When he lost \$50,000 on Bank of Italy stock two and a half years ago, he just grinned sheepishly. But when he "dropped" \$250,000 in the Wall Street slump—well, there was not even an apology for a grin! He remarked: "I've got my two cars left, my health, and fifty dollars in the bank!" Gone was everything else. However, in due time along came "Cimarron" and now Dix is back in the "big money" class. He is saving most of his salary check each week, and undoubtedly, will soon have his second fortune.

John Gilbert, Evelyn Brent and Lew Cody all lost staggering sums in the crash. Edmund Lowe, too—Eddie "dropped" \$60,000, while his wife, Lilyan Tashman, lost \$30,000.

Helen Chandler lost every cent she possessed in the Guarantee Trust failure. However, as she is married to the brilliant English writer, Cyril Hume, she isn't penniless. In fact, she is making her fortune back again, as she is much in demand for dramatic rôles. She recently completed the

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lead opposite Ramon Novarro in "Day-break" and is now playing the leading rôle in "Salvation Nell."

Louise Dresser and Wallace Beery both lost in the Bank of Hollywood failure—how many thousands no one knows. Nils Asther lost the \$40,000 that he had deposited only two days before the crash! Harry Langdon, always unlucky, lost \$30,000. Lew Cody, another who has always managed to have far more than his share of bad luck, was stopped by a friend the day after the failure and asked if he lost anything. "No, I didn't," he laughed, "and I've been wondering all morning how I actually managed to miss these two failures!" "Oh, well, Lew, you can't corner all the bad luck!" replied the friend.

Plenty of players would today be on the threshold of the millionaire class if the coming of talkies hadn't suddenly deprived them of huge salaries. Irene Rich is one who lost out first and then staged a great comeback. Warners' declared she had no speaking voice. I wouldn't say this if she had not since proved the contrary to be true. So thoroughly, however, did Miss Rich believe them at the time sound films were first tried out, that she went into vaudeville for a year to get voice training and stage poise. Nowadays, she works all the time and her salary is well past the two thousand mark.

For a while, Lew Cody was "licked." Then he came back in "What a Widow," and he gives Gloria Swanson all credit for giving him this opportunity. Since that time, Lew has worked in many films; his salary is about \$2,000 a week; and he is much in demand for sophisticated, sometimes inebriated suave men-of-the-world rôles. Lew is a good actor and makes the most of every line.

Elinor Fair, too, disappeared with the advent of talkies. Today, she is about to sign for the lead in one of the finest pictures of the year—a historical film, and will undoubtedly stage a comeback, as she is more beautiful than before and has a fine voice. Much of the fault of her leaving the screen was due to the domestic trouble between her and Bill (Screen) Boyd, her former husband, about whom she worried and who for the time being killed her self-confidence, because of his progress, which surpassed hers.

THE list of those who lost out due to talkies is further augmented by Madge Bellamy, Claire Windsor, Olive Borden, Monte Blue, Rod La Rocque, Tom Mix, Adolphe Menjou, Esther Ralston, Emil Jannings, Mary Astor, and Don Alvarado, all of whom are now attempting more or less successful comebacks. Mary Astor, in particular, has made a brilliant return and is, I hear, shortly to be starred by Radio Pictures. John Gilbert, of course, lost in popularity, but not so much in actual cash, as he still had his contract with M-G-M and was paid every week.

After all, it takes a wise movie star to get into the big money in Hollywood these days, but a wiser one to invest the money safely so to bring it up into the million dollar brigade.

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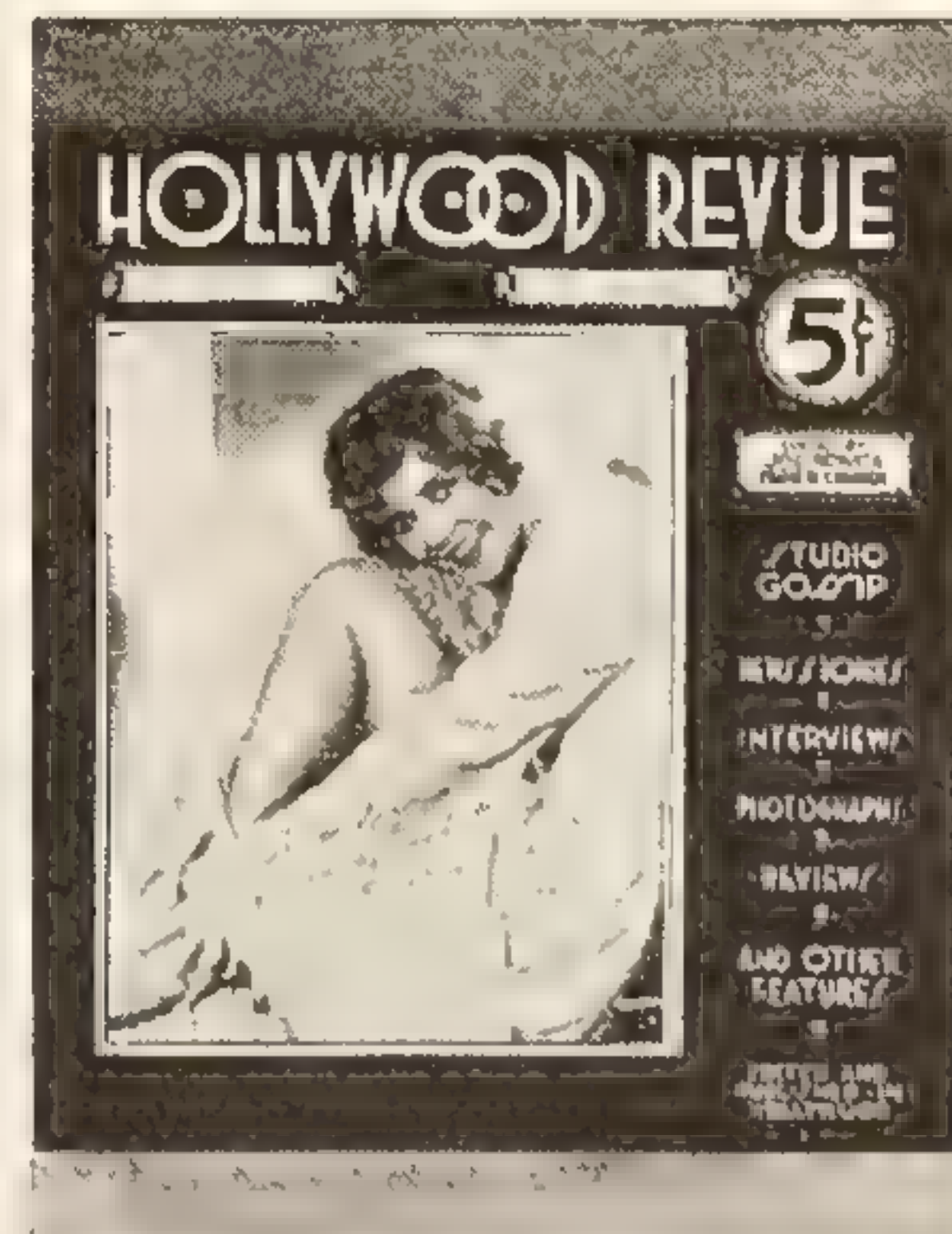
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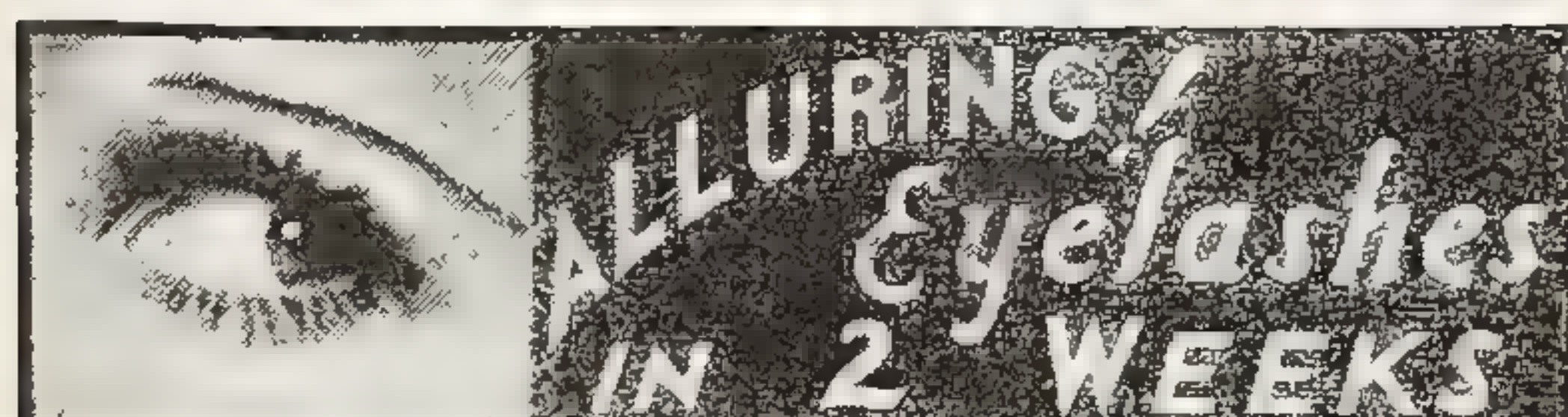
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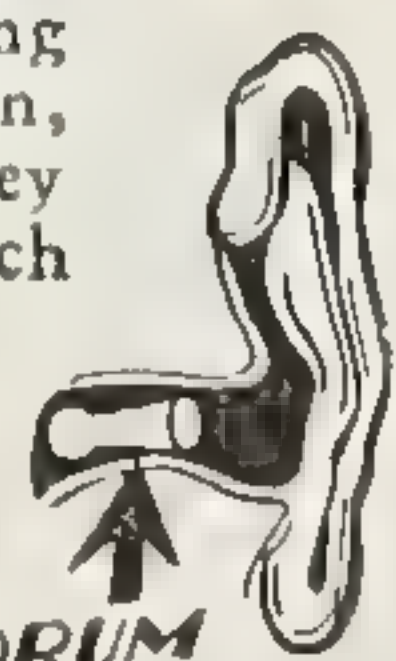
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Her Own Worst Enemy

[Continued from page 35]

the occasion. As it was, the public and the producers succumbed with flattering rapidity. The youngest Bennett's charm and her rich voice were a piquant combination. She was a success literally overnight. And nothing has stopped her since professionally.

So much for that side of her life. Now comes the other side.

Joan settled herself in Hollywood in a delightful home, established herself and her young daughter. She gave out interviews saying she was "through with this love business." But naturally she wasn't. No beautiful, healthy young girl such as she is could be.

She met young John Considine, Jr., a film executive. Hollywood looked on with amused and disapproving eyes. Disapproving, because it was said Joan "took" John Considine from Carmen Pantages, to whom he was engaged. It's an open argument, of course, whether any woman can "take" any man away from a person he's really in love with, can "take" him if he doesn't want to be "taken."

But certainly it did look as though John loved the little Bennett deeply. And it looks as though she loves him. Only jealousy entered—a wild, fierce jealousy on Joan's part that made her do anything—even to appearing ridiculous—to assert her hold on John.

There was the time that they quarreled and Joan in a fit of temper departed by plane for New York. John, who thought she was sulking in her Hollywood home, was considerably bewildered when she telephoned him from New Mexico. Angry as she was, she couldn't resist calling him from the first stop to find out what he was doing. Still angry—it must have been that John didn't say the right things over

the telephone—she went on to New York and stayed exactly three days. While she was there, she called John four or five times a day with a magnificent disregard for expense. Then she went back to Hollywood and made up with him.

They had an open fight on the eve of a Mayfair dance. They had planned a big party together and the guests were invited. It was decidedly embarrassing to their mutual friends when Joan huffily decided at the last moment to have a separate party.

THEN again there was the time when Carmen Pantages was seriously ill at Palm Springs and John went down to see her. Jealousy got the better of Joan and she chartered a plane and followed him. It was night and the flying territory between Hollywood and Palm Springs is not the best in the world. They had to light flares at the landing field. One can't help admiring Joan's pluck, traveling under those conditions. Arriving at the El Mirador Hotel she made a considerable commotion until she located John. He succeeded in quieting her down. Joan admitted afterward—rather pathetically—that she had been unreasonably jealous. And she and Johnnie made up again.

Yet in spite of all this childishness, Joan deserves sympathy—or perhaps just because of it. The fame of her family has been, in a sense, a handicap. It has given her from childhood an exaggerated sense of her own importance—a feeling that her own sudden success has naturally augmented. People forget—she forgets herself—how young she is. Because she has been married and divorced, because she has a three year old child, because she is an important figure in the talkies, they expect



It pays to advertise in Hollywood, so pretty Lillian Bond displays to the world that she's a musical marvel. Lillian took an ordinary jersey windbreaker and had these musical notes printed all over it. Clever?

of her the maturity and wisdom of an experienced woman. They forget she is barely out of her teens, flowering, like plants at Easter time, in a forced, hot-house atmosphere.

Joan has had experience—but she has not yet assimilated it. Things have happened to her too fast. Her mental growth has not kept pace with her emotional forcing. Which means that her sense of values is not that of an adult.

It leaves Joan, then, an intense child, guided by impulses. It is worth noting that whenever she has a fit of temper she flounces into a plane and rushes off into the clouds. She does it both literally and imaginatively—leaves the world behind, deserts reality. She has enough money to have whatever she wants within her reach. But if Joan did not have money—or if this were not the present day—she couldn't escape by tearing off somewhere else. She'd have to stay and take it on the chin, which would be a good deal better for her, spiritually.

She has an inherent love of speed, this Bennett fledgling. She wants to fly—and fly fast. There is nothing malicious or mean in her nature. Her impulses are fine and generous, even if they frequently appear foolish. No one has ever gone to Joan for aid—financial or otherwise—and been refused. She is frank, outspoken, loyal and impetuous. And her very jealousy proves that she would go through hell for those she loves.

Joan loved John Fox. That is a factor in her life that must always be taken into account. He destroyed her faith in him, and by inference, in other men. Being so young, her lost illusions have made her something of a cynic. And that is why she is so ready to be hurt in her present love. She has not yet learned that jealousy and suspicion are swift destroyers of happiness. Today she demands too much of love. She gives freely, but being still a child, she expects people to return her gifts with equal generosity. And people, particularly male people, seldom act that way.

THERE is a reminiscent picture in my mind that helps me understand Joan Bennett today, a picture of a spoiled, imperious and wretchedly unhappy youngster of thirteen at a girls' summer camp in New England. She wouldn't join in the outdoor activities and healthful sports of the group. She was too proud to seek friendships. She walked about, looking more as though she belonged in a drawing room than in the woods. She was sophisticated beyond her years, to the bewilderment of her contemporaries and the amusement of her elders. No one really understood the pathos of the child, too grown-up to play with the girls of her own age, too childish to mingle with mature people.

Then, as now, because she didn't understand herself, Joan was her own worst enemy. She is still a little girl acting grown-up, still a warm-hearted, generous, impulsive child, who wants adult things of the world without paying an adult price for them.

I hope she learns how to grow up, for the youngest of the Bennetts will be the finest of the Bennetts when she wins her battle against herself.

Stop!
Look!
Listen!



DANGER AHEAD for Clara Bow!

WHAT will happen to Hollywood's It and Fun Girl? Can Clara's career survive? Will the public continue to applaud and support her pictures—or will she be consigned to oblivion with the other players whose unfortunate publicity has wrecked their careers?

That's what Hollywood—and the rest of the movie-mad world—is asking. And you'll find a new angle on the Case of Clara Bow in the May issue of SCREENLAND. A newcomer to Hollywood, Sylvia Sidney from Broadway, stepped into the dramatic rôle Clara was to have had opposite Gary Cooper in "City Streets." New beauties are being groomed for stardom—there are Clara Bow contenders on every side. SCREENLAND warns the Red-Headed Riot to stop, look, and listen—and tells why. You'll see all the reasons for caution in the form of beautiful photographs of Clara's potential rivals—lovely girls who may be the Hollywood headliners of the future—in this May issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, on the stands April first.

That's not all! You'll meet Rex Bell, the current boy friend in Clara's life, in a story in which he tells how he won and held the It Girl's regard.

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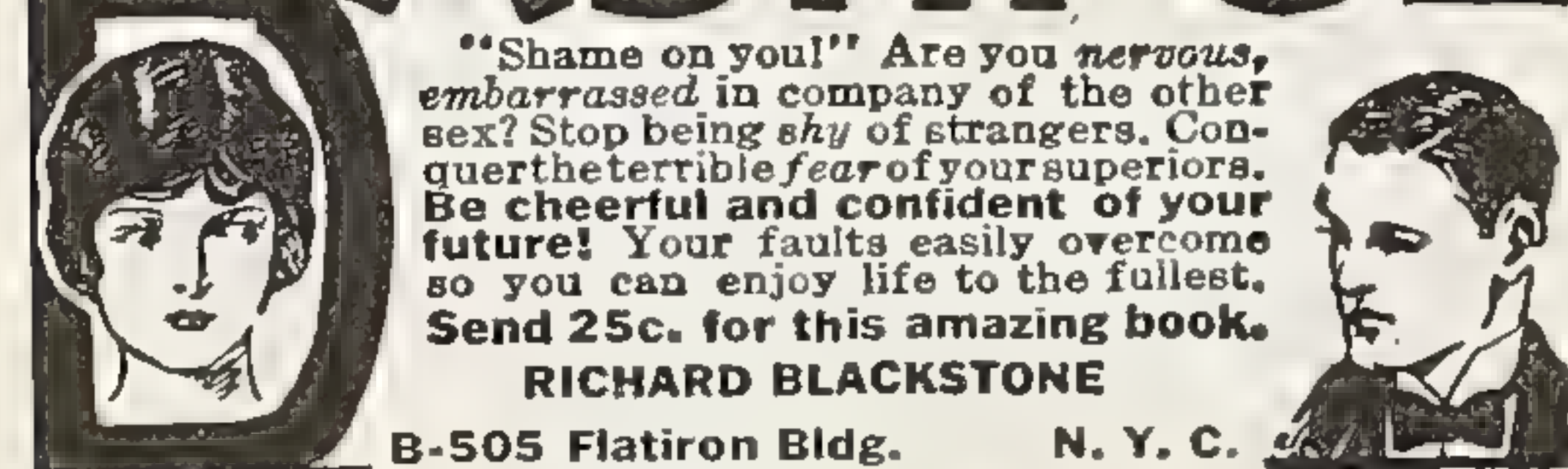
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How Casting Directors Judge People

[Continued from page 24]

and Loretta look alike. Sally had another call and sent Loretta to take her place. Loretta showed that she had the delicate 'It' in the way she did her bit. Miss Moore saw her ability where the rest of us had missed it. When it was called to our attention, we recognized it. Result: Loretta is a star today."

Poundage, loss of personality through personal habits (for personality, from what I gather, is built up by one's habits, which in turn form character), and general temperament or "cussedness," have ruined countless motion picture careers. Kelly named several who "went down the chute" through these various factors and failings.

Then he mentioned Marian Nixon. Nine years ago she was working for Fox as an extra. Scott Dunlap, director, wanted the girls on the set to dance. Marian offered to teach them a few steps. Dunlap took one look at her—he hadn't noticed her until she stepped from the ranks—and began pushing her along. She has an enviable place in pictures today.

"The difference between an extra and an actor," explains Kelly, as our interview closes, "is that an extra dresses a set, and might just as well be a piece of furniture or a drape, while the actor helps move the story and *attracts and holds the attention of his audience.*"

Let's wander to Metro.

"Johnny Mack Brown," says Benny Thau, "came out here as a football player on the Alabama team, and as a raw recruit to pictures. He was gawky and awkward, but his possibilities were seen. There was something more in his make-up than bright eyes and curly hair, for millions have those physical attributes. Look at him today!"

We asked Thau what makes him pick out a player from a mob.

"A girl or woman must be physically attractive. She does not need to be beautiful. She must, to be a leading woman, express youth and have an appeal for the opposite sex. She must have a voice which will enable her to express laughter or sorrow at will. She must be able to interpret emotions."

"A man, to play leads, must also be physically attractive, but not necessarily handsome, as in the old days. He must have an appeal for women. He must be virile and clean cut. And he, too, must have that same ability to interpret emotions."

Metro, during the past year, has developed such players as Marjorie Rambeau, who, in the middle of life, has revealed a tremendous screen personality; Robert Montgomery, who has developed his personality as he has "grown up", Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. At the same time, Metro, in the past—before the time of Thau—has made mistakes.

Sally Starr, the winsome brunette who has made good in a big way with Eddie Quillan at Pathe, was used mostly in publicity pictures at Metro. Her contract expired, and she was not given a second

thought. Out she went. She rang the bell immediately.

Now, about Karen Morley, just coming into her own on the film horizon. She got one big break—the kind every extra hopes for but almost never gets.

"Karen Morley," confides Thau, "walked into my office at a moment when we needed, in the worst way, a girl to play opposite Lewis Stone in 'Inspiration,' a Garbo picture. I took one look at her, said, 'That's the girl,' and she was signed. Her personality registered in an instant."

Mr. LeMaire, please.

"Personality is made up of the tone of the voice, the expression of the eyes, the hang of clothes, the carriage of the body, and the life of the player. These factors all go together to produce something which an actor, instinctively, has the ability to express. I can spot an actor the moment I see him."

LeMaire is busy these days scouting.



Rosalie Roy, a mere extra, attracted instant attention, and was made a contract player for Fox

He has started a school at the Warner-First National Studios, which is training juveniles. He finds personality radiating in young folks as well as old, and in children as well as in grown-ups.

"The industry is always looking for new talent. We cannot get enough of it. We can find plenty of persons—but not plenty of those who have that something one needs to register for the millions."

Last, but not least, Rex Bailey.

What, Mr. Bailey, does a player have to have which makes you sign him, or her, on the dotted line?

"Well, it's this way. First of all, we want a certain type of person for a certain rôle. We must find that type. We line up those who meet physical qualifications. Then we take the one who has the greatest—ah—er—"

Come, come, Mr. Bailey—

"—who has that something which lifts an extra out of the extra class—that something which radiates—that something which transcends the physical—that something which you notice and feel—"

That answer's as good as any.

Have you that something?

The Private Life of Mitzi Green

(Continued from page 39)

Sawyer," Mitzi Green has played the same precocious, sassy child.

"Mitzi isn't at all the type of child you'd imagine from her pictures," her mother assured me. "She plays these impertinent spoiled brats, but really she isn't spoiled at all. It isn't just I who say so, but most of the people who know her.

"Her father and I handle all the business arrangements for her work, and the fact that she doesn't have to give any thought to these saves her from becoming one of these terribly self-sufficient and worldly-wise stage youngsters."

STILL, even though Mitzi can be a child playing with other children, most of her sports are rather grown up. She swims, rides horseback, adores miniature golf (bane of the movies), and plays tennis. She becomes interested in different games at different times. Just now she is interested in bridge.

She cannot really understand children whose tastes and interests remain the same all the time. On a recent visit to New York she met some of her old playmates in Flushing, Long Island, where her parents have their New York home. One Sunday they all played together. Mitzi frolicked with the other children, but when she returned home, she remarked disconsolately, "Do you know they played the same games

last Sunday that we were playing four years ago?"

About two years back in Mitzi Green's life, she was turning somersaults on the streets. Her little silk underwear would stick out. She was also quarreling with her childhood sweetheart and his sister because they took some of her candy without asking her for it.

But in vaudeville Mitzi Green had a chance to become the grande dame. When she was still very new to the game she wore for her stage appearances a little blue dress with pleats and a cape. She adored the cape. She would take it off with the air of a queen, and, handing it to her father, say, "Take my wrap, please."

Mitzi in person looks very much like the shadow image captured of Mitzi by the screen. But the screen cannot reveal (except perhaps in color pictures) the nice nut-brown shade of her skin or the changing color of her eyes. Seeing her on the screen, you imagine she has dark brown eyes, when they are really grey and sometimes, in certain lights, green. They're much lighter in color than her mother's, whose eyes are brown.

People sometimes ask whether Mitzi Green is any relation to Harry Green of the movies. Of course, the answer is no, but the funny thing about it is that Mitzi really has a brother named Harry, a six-

teen year old lad who goes to the Flushing High School. When Mitzi used to go trouping all over the country with her father and mother, the children's grandmother took care of Harry.

In the old days Mrs. Green used to ask her mother to see to it that Harry ate his cereal. But gradually she began to realize that forcing a child to eat what was supposedly good for him was really bad for him. And Harry is a hearty eater and didn't really need to be forced.

MITZI benefits by this discovery on the care and feeding of children.

"People sometimes ask me what I give Mitzi to eat to make her look so healthy," said her mother. "The truth is I never force her to eat anything. She wouldn't be a good advertisement for the dairies, for she doesn't drink any milk at all.

"When she's working and gets up very early, she eats practically no breakfast, except, perhaps, a glass of orange juice. But she eats a nice lunch and loves her dinner."

Mitzi Green has many playmates among children. She takes special delight in mentioning little Leon Janney, who played in "Courage," for she wants him to get all the publicity he can. She is really a generous child and if she gets the limelight it is by reason of her ability and not because of any desire to crowd out other people.



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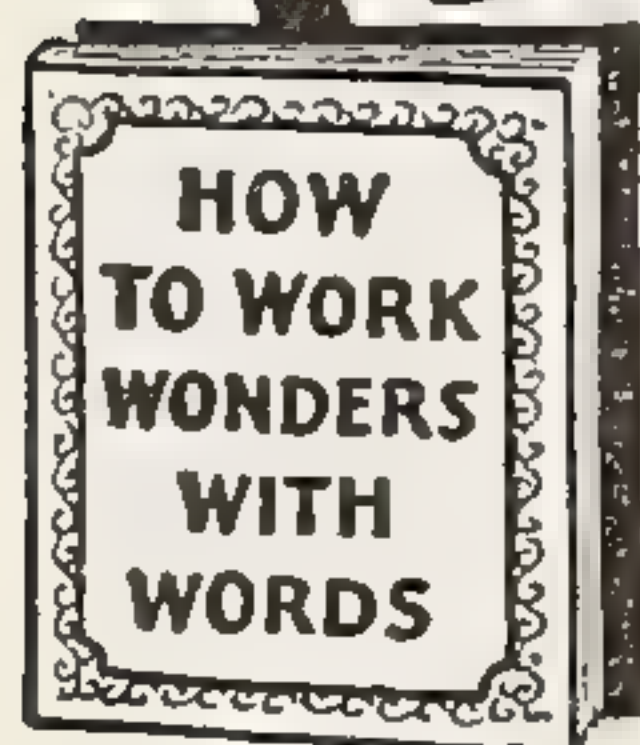
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Why Garbo Is The World's Love Ideal

[Continued from page 17]

And always there is that haunting look of wonderment about her, a kind of brooding loneliness—all of which her many fans call her mystery—but which is more than likely conditioned by the fact that she herself, quite unconsciously, is seeking her father ideal and has not yet found it.

Garbo then, it is plain, becomes a universal representation and embodiment of the very strivings all her female audiences are likewise groping for, together with her.

Even those who already have loved and married can follow. For marriage invariably brings a measure of disillusionment in its wake, traits in a husband that do not harmonize, after all, as was hoped for, with the father complex. And so the

married fan thinks back, becomes young again, and seeks again through the person of Garbo her love ideal.

But what about the men, you probably say? Garbo is as popular with them as with women.

She is popular with men for similar reasons. For to them she suggests possibilities, possible ideals, possible romance—all, too, brought about by their own mother complexes.

For Garbo—groping, searching Garbo—is for each of them the ideal he has cherished from childhood. To any man she may be anything. And so, from the actual parts she plays, they fill in the gaps in their imagination and construct for themselves an ideal love to their own liking.

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH

FAIR (First Nat.)

with her godfather, instead of the man her guardians want her to marry.

Mild entertainment, with Loretta Young playing the part of a girl who falls in love

Don't bother with this if there's another movie in town. It's all about the Northwest

UNDER SUSPICION

POOR (Fox)

Mounted, with J. Harold Murray as the man unjustly suspected and Lois Moran as the heroine.

about the Northwest

ALOHA

FAIR (Tiffany)

performance cannot save it. She plays a native girl whose love for a white man, played by Ben Lyon, brings tragedy.

This is so cheaply made and produced that Raquel Torres' fine performance cannot save it.

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS

GOOD (Radio Pictures)

through thick and thin. Mary Astor and Robert Ames are the principals.

Another story about the office secretary who falls in love with her boss, and sticks to him

CIMARRON

GREAT (Radio Pictures)

America, and the empire builders. Richard Dix comes back with a bang. The whole cast is superb.

One of the finest talkies ever produced. A gigantic story of early

CITY LIGHTS

GOOD (United Artists)

flower girl gives a good performance, but some of his old silents were even better.

It doesn't quite come up to expectations. Chaplin as the tramp who loves a blind

FIGHTING CARAVAN

GOOD (Paramount)

entertainment, but not great. Gary Cooper and Lily Damita are the love interest.

A carbon copy of "The Covered Wagon," with the big thrills missing. Good for an evening's

FINN AND HATTIE

GOOD (Paramount)

Pitts is the mama and Leon Errol the papa, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl steal the story.

Finn takes his family on a trip to Paris and what happens there is a riot. Though ZaSu

GANG BUSTER

GOOD (Paramount)

sap they let him go, but he breaks up the gang. Jean Arthur is the gal he loves.

GENTLEMAN'S FATE

GOOD (M-G-M)

girl he loves finds out he belongs to a racketeering family, she marries another man.

INSPIRATION

GOOD (M-G-M)

Montgomery seems miscast as the cold and prudish hero who is supposed to be so attractive to Garbo.

KIKI

GOOD (United Artists)

with Reginald Denny as her leading man. Mary's cast as the chorus girl who tries to vamp the producer.

LONELY WIVES

FAIR (Pathe)

rough, old-fashioned comedy with all the stock characters, and all the true and tried farce situations.

MANY A SLIP

GOOD (Universal)

been added. Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett are the lovers.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH

GOOD (M-G-M)

mad about because of his reputation as a great lover. Bedroom farce.

RESURRECTION

GOOD (Universal)

and deserted by an artist. John Boles is splendid. Worth seeing again, even if you saw the silent film.

Lupe Velez gives a touching portrayal as the peasant girl loved

More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 60]

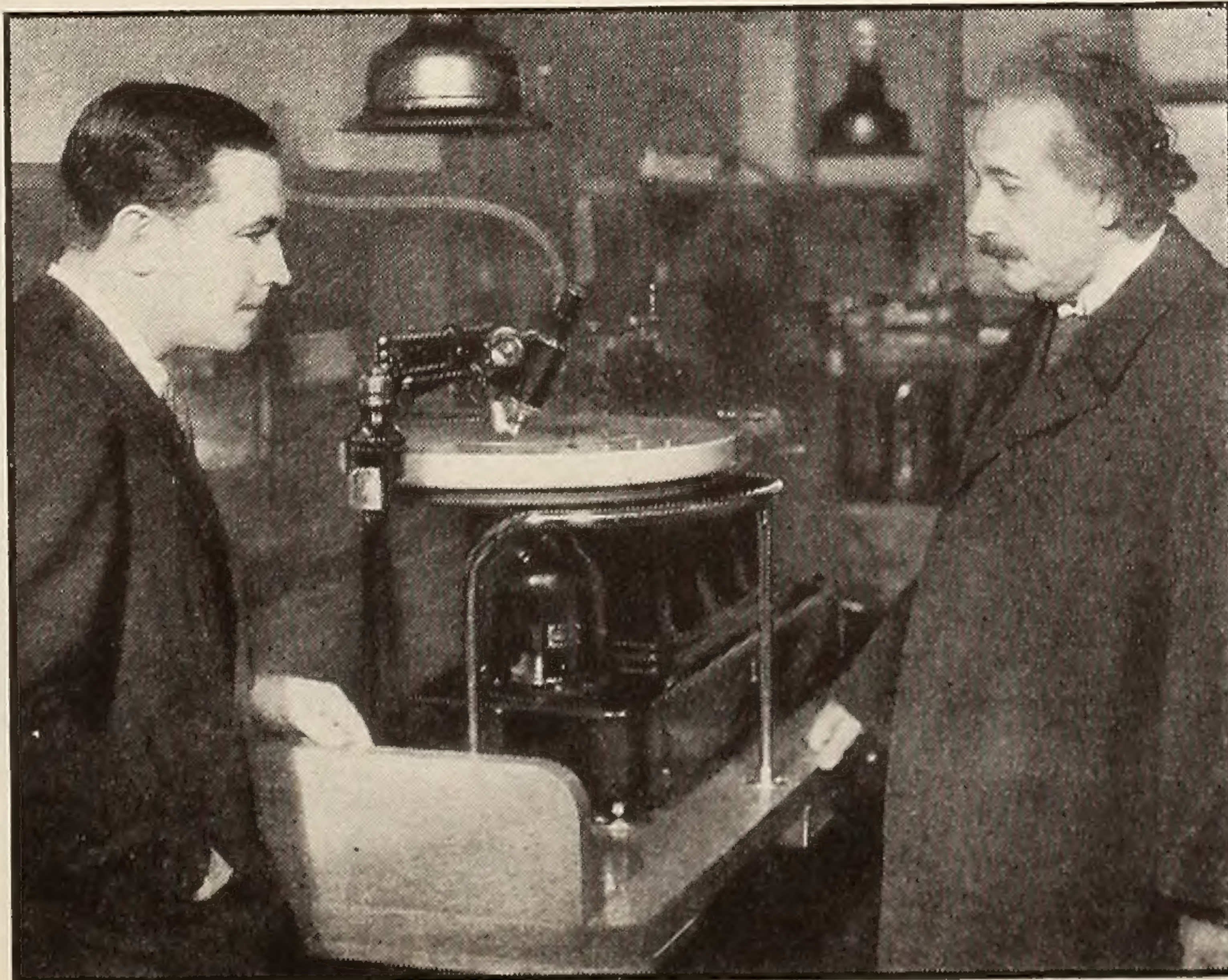


Here's a young woman who knows how to combine marriage with a career, without sacrificing her husband's happiness in the least. She's Jobyna Ralston, married to Dick Arlen. She's appearing in that wild and wooly melodrama, "Sheer Luck," with Nick Stuart

THE late Fred Thomson, cowboy star, left a fortune of \$200,000—to be divided between his mother and small son.

His wife, Frances Marion, noted scenarist, received nothing, the will explained, because she was able to take care of herself in financial matters.

Dr. Albert Einstein saw almost as many stars in Hollywood as he did in the skies during his American visit, and he certainly got a lot closer to them. Here is Herr Professor visiting Richard Barthelmess and finding out what puts the talk in talkies



WALLACE BEERY has purchased a small truck, elaborately fitted up for his hunting trips. It was so pretty, he said, he wanted to use it to ride to a Hollywood premiere in—but Mrs. Beery wouldn't let him.

Buster Keaton has a new idea in gardens. About his dressing room bungalow, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios next to John Gilbert's, he has had planted, instead of shrubs and flowers, corn, onions and other vegetables. "At least," the comedian says, "it's different."

A HOLLYWOOD taxi driver overheard a plot to rob the lovely home of Ann Harding and tipped off the police, thus saving the pretty Pathe star a lot of trouble. Said taxi driver now has an increased bank account and a sentimentally autographed photo.

Another rare sight of Hollywood: Robert Montgomery standing still.

BELLE BENNETT, clever character actress who has been having a tough time getting jobs of late, has taken to being hostess at Grandma's Kitchen, a fried chicken roadside cafe near Hollywood.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, one time successful screen actor, and now a small time vaudeville actor, one time a millionaire and now broke, has offered himself for sale to any wealthy woman who wants him.

"Right now I'm for sale to the woman who will pay the most to marry me," he said. "The only stipulation I make is that she have enough money to support me in the style to which I have been accustomed."

Are there any comers?

DOROTHY G. SILLS, daughter of the late Milton Sills, may be a bride by the time you read this. The man to whom she has pledged her heart and hand is Robert Swaze Way. The couple will make their home in East Orange, New Jersey, a long ways off from the cinema city.



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THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

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The Final Fling

DO YOU notice how much farther the end of this magazine is from the front this month? In other words, how much bigger we are? And do you see that line on the cover—600,000 copies? And do you realize we are only seven months old this issue? And does this swift growth make us proud? Does it? Boy!

We're proud, but we're humble about it just the same. We know all this growth is due to readers, no more and no less. So we thank you kindly. You're just about the grandest bunch of readers any magazine was ever blessed with, and as editor, I wish I could thank every one of you personally.

And honestly, the thing that makes me happiest is that this larger magazine makes it possible for us to give you more for your money.

TRAGIC Louis Wolheim is dead. And this seems to be the spot to speak about the silliness of casting. Wolheim died to get a rôle—that of the managing editor in "The Front Page." They told him he was too fat, and he dieted too vigorously.

Adolphe Menjou got the part. Now they say he is too sophisticated looking. Are actors just dummies with expressions or are they *actors*?

SPEAKING of acting, recently Mary Pickford and Marlene Dietrich opened simultaneously on Broadway—Mary in "Kiki" and Marlene in "Dishonored." There wasn't a critic who didn't say "Kiki" was a good picture, and practically none of them liked the Dietrich film. And what's the result? Marlene is standing them up in the aisles and little Mary's film is having a terrible time surviving. Which shows what being a critic amounts to.

I didn't care much for "Dishonored" as a picture. "Kiki" is much better. But "Dishonored" is a good show, due to Dietrich, and "Kiki" is disturbing. Instead of laughing at "Kiki," as you should, you are made sad for the girl starring in it, a mature woman struggling against the obvious fact that she isn't a little girl any longer.

"Dishonored" is terribly arty. Where it should be simple, it is involved. Where it should be lighted, it is shadowy. The story is so much twaddle. But none of it matters because there is a vivid, new personality dominating it. There is an exciting quality about the Dietrich. I should like to see her directed by someone besides Von Sternberg. Then it would be possible to judge her more accurately. My private hunch is that the mute inscrutability Von Sternberg gives his star is phony. That brooding quality is natural to Garbo. I don't think it is to Dietrich.

IF YOU want to see a triumph of what a smart girl can do to her own personality, go see Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss." It's a beautiful production, but the fascinating quality is in Norma herself.

Norma really isn't very beautiful. Her voice isn't very good. But what a lovely creature she has made of herself! She really ought to be an inspiration to girls all over the world. For she has made herself smart. She has learned how to wear clothes. She knows how to carry her body. She is scintillating. Yet it wasn't so long ago that she was just a struggling youngster trying to make a living by posing for posters.

Of course, not all of us can have hairdressers tagging us every moment, as Norma does. We can't have expensive clothes designed exclusively for our figures. But it's because Norma—and the other stars—give us the impulse toward these things—that life seems richer and sweeter for the mere sight of them.

The movies themselves may be in their infancy—but they certainly do teach the world how to grow!

Rich Waterbury.

EDITOR.



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